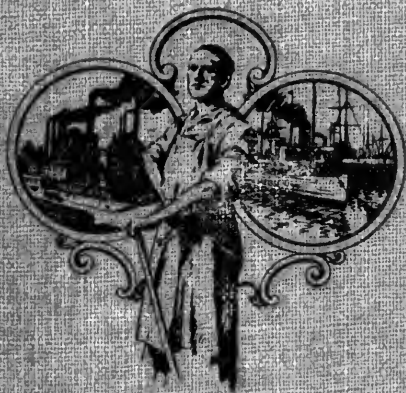


Britain's Awakening

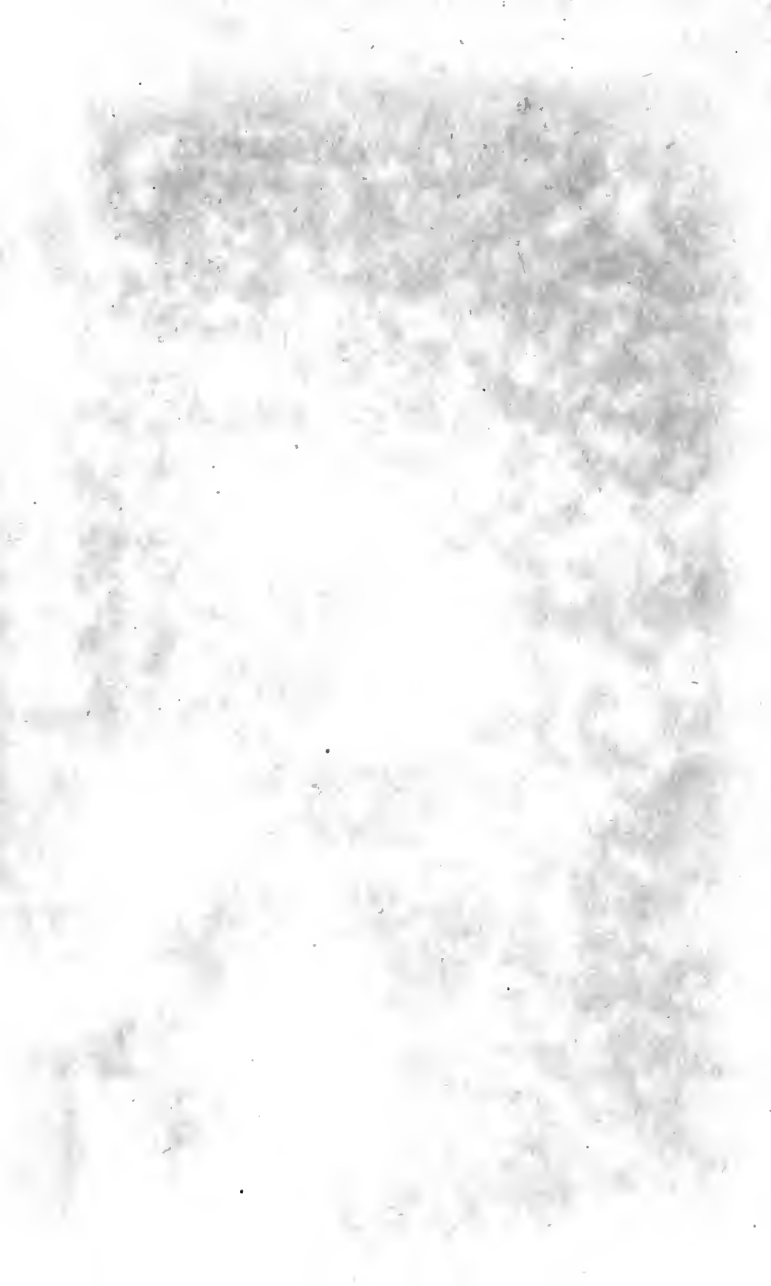


A. O. Richardson









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Britain's Awakening

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Britain's Awakening

BY

A. O. RICHARDSON



LONDON

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First printed December, 1916

DEDICATED

*with love and reverence to
the Empire's fighting sons,
the super-men of our race,
who are bearing the bigger
share of the burden.*

All the Author's, Printer's (The Ferrestone Press, Ltd., West Norwood) and Publisher's (Palmer Newbould & Co., 199 Piccadilly, W.) profits from the sale of this book will be handed to the British Red Cross Society.

PREFACE.

THIS book is in two parts. The first deals mainly with after-the-war trade problems, emphasises the urgent need for vigorous action to combat the German schemes to invade the world's commercial strongholds, to flood them with cheap products of their own manufacture and by a wide movement, to be pressed forward with energy and resolution, to capture the over-seas trade. It pleads for the immediate organisation of Britain's industrial power and the adoption of some definite plan that will prepare the way for a new order of things.

Anticipating an early victory, Germany made her first trade war preparations two years ago and to-day there is good and sufficient reason for the belief that she has all her plans ready and as complete as were her military arrangements in August, 1914. She is ready to strike, and when the appointed hour arrives she will strike hard and swiftly. Herr Ballin has warned us, and it is a warning that should be heeded, that he will teach the English how quickly Germany can demobilise for the trade war.

What is Britain's industrial position in the twenty-eighth month of the war? What have we done in the last two years to equip ourselves for the struggle that is coming, and what are we doing to-day? Germany is fighting for something more than territorial gains in France, Belgium, Poland and the Balkans. She is making war, as Mr. Hughes told us, for "the economic domination of the earth." When will Britain's defensive and offensive plans be ready?

The Government has appointed a Committee to consider the resolutions passed at the Paris Conference and has, so we have been told, come to the conclusion that the possibility of a German dumping scheme may have to be considered. That apparently represents the sum total of progress made in two and a quarter years.

PREFACE—*continued.*

It is clear, then, that if peace returned to-morrow it would find Britain unready, without definite purpose or policy, and the muddle that would inevitably ensue, consequent on the return to civil life of the millions of men now doing war work, would create chaos and confusion, which is precisely what Germany is counting on, what, above all things, she most earnestly desires—a Britain unprepared to take the industrial field, badly equipped, poorly organised, unable to put into operation defensive and offensive measures of sufficient strength to checkmate the Teutonic designs.

No one can say with even a semblance of certainty how much time the interval between now and the termination of hostilities will give us to elaborate our plans; but what we do know is that by reason of her prompt action in the first months of the war Germany holds the advantage of a two years' start. Therefore, instead of drifting and permitting days, weeks and months to slip past with no useful record of things done we must mend our pace, clear the decks for action, and take decisive steps of a really helpful character at once. The hour grows late.

Here, too, a plea is put forward for a better and happier understanding between Labour and Capital, for the cultivation of a new spirit of fellowship, a removal of the old class prejudices and barriers—a plea to Britishers to live together as brothers and to strive with all their might to live up to humanitarian ideals. "Let us," as Canning said on one occasion, "swear an eternal friendship."

Part II. deals at some length with qualities which in pre-war days were showing signs of decadence, but which, happily, have revived again, and since they have helped us tremendously during the difficult days of war, it follows that Perseverance, Hard Work, Character, Action, Ambition, Optimism, Cheerfulness, Thoroughness, Patience are sound

PREFACE—*continued.*

qualities worth developing to their maximum extent so that we shall be better able to deal energetically and satisfactorily with the big problems of the future.

In this section quotations and examples are freely employed to help the argument. I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to acknowledge in each case the source of the information, but to safeguard against inadvertent omissions I give in detail a list of books from which the quotations were drawn, and desire to express the fullest indebtedness to their authors: "The Life of Napoleon I." by Dr. Holland Rose; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," Professor Sloane; "The Life of Napoleon," Arthur Hassall, M.A.; "Napoleon—the Last Phase," Lord Rosebery; "The Great Duke," W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D.; "History of Frederick the Great," Thomas Carlyle; "Nelson's Letters and Despatches," John Knox Laughton, M.A.; "The Soul of a People," H. Fielding Hall; "Cecil Rhodes," Gordon Le Sueur, F.R.G.S.; "Abraham Lincoln," G. H. Putnam; "Peace and Happiness," Lord Avebury; "The Life of Mazzini," Bolton King, M.A.; "Walden or Life in the Woods," Henry David Thoreau; "The Life of Horatio Lord Nelson," Robert Southey; "The Strenuous Life," Theodore Roosevelt; "Great Philosophers," Elbert Hubbard; "The Story of My Life," Helen Keller; "The Use of Life," Lord Avebury; "The Duties of Man," Joseph Mazzini; "Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln," Edited by Ernest Phys; "Edison, His Life and Inventions," F. L. Dyer and T. C. Martin; "Splendid Failures," Harry Graham; "The Science of Happiness," Dr. H. Smith Williams; "The Life of the Rt. Hon Cecil J. Rhodes," Sir Lewis Michell; "Gambetta, Life and Letters," P. B. Gheusi; "Plutarch's Lives," "The Life of the Bee," Maurice Maeterlinck.

December 1, 1916.

THE AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN

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“Was there ever such a situation in the history of nations? A great Power—holding Imperial responsibilities world-wide, menaced and warned for years—yet found herself, in the hour of challenge, asleep and almost impotent. Yes, and was there ever in the story of the Ages such a wonderful awakening—so mighty an avalanche of endeavour?”

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL.

LISTEN to this ! It is an extract from a letter written by a private soldier at the front to his mother :

"The quiet in the station does not last long. A stream of Red Cross ambulances appears ; they are filled with men who were in the first attack. The ambulance train is shunted in and a transfer of wounded takes place. These men seem to be all of the same regiment and as the stretchers are hauled out and gently carried into the train—well, people say the world is civilised, and yet here are men who are suffering torture and all by human agency. Look, there goes a stretcher, and on it a man with his legs blown off. Another has a piece of his right cheek and ear carried away. Oh ! it is awful, and yet when a Tommy with a shattered leg and arm suddenly calls out, ' Say, mister, got a fag ? ' one wonders what it can be like ! "

Listen again ! Here is another extract from the same letter :

"The village is full of men who have been wounded. . . At the entrance a fresh lot of ambulances appeared. Some of the men are only slightly hurt, but they bring one man in who seeing me standing there, beckons and says in a very husky voice, ' Got a fag on yer, sir ? ' . . . ' I've been dreaming of this 'ere fag ever since the brutes got me,' he says in a lower voice. ' The devils, they copped me proper, me number's up. But, sir, tell them men at home they're wanted to lend a 'and out 'ere.' "

* * * *

Somewhere in France three million British heroes—the men who with that magnificent

spirit for which our nation is famed have answered "the call"—the demi-gods of our race—are fighting in the worthiest cause for which men of this or any other age ever took up arms.

Day by day with dauntless, lion-hearted heroism and dogged determination Britishers are battering at the iron gates which guard Prussian militarism, giving new proofs of their willingness to make noble sacrifices and of their majestic devotion to the cause of Empire, the cause of Freedom, the cause of Humanity.

Day by day these brothers of ours who have voluntarily left their homes, wives, children, mothers, in order to safeguard our homes, wives, children and mothers are winning new laurels, adding fresh glory, honour and lustre to British arms.

We exult in their triumphs, our blood is stirred and our breasts swell with pride as we read of their mighty and imperishable deeds at Mons, Neuve Chapelle, at Gallipoli, on the Somme, at Salonika. New hopes come to us as we read of their deathless deeds of valour, their transcendent heroism, unflinching fortitude, tenacity of purpose and never-failing patience and even as we read the bald, official recognitions of their splendid gallantry, we feel the pride of race and know that it is good to be British.

Out there in France, in an atmosphere of pain, tragedy and sorrow, the Empire's sons

are fighting with grim determination to conquer a hateful foe, and in their efforts to achieve the same worthy purpose hundreds of thousands of Britain's sons have fallen.

We who remain in the homes that are being safeguarded by our brilliant soldiers from the devastating work of the Huns, who take no share in the actual fighting, but wait eagerly for news of victory, know that our men are doing their duty—we know they are bearing more than their share of the Empire's great task — know they are the saviours of our race.

Are we quite as sure that we are doing as much as we should, as much as we can, not merely to give them comforts and every help that money and organisation can command during the war, but to *prepare the way* for very different and greatly improved social and economic conditions when they return to civil life? Are our eyes wide open to the after-the-war trade dangers, to the German designs to flood the world with cheap German-made goods and to dominate the markets of the earth? If we are awake what steps are we taking to safeguard British interests, the interests of the millions of intrepid men who are fighting with herculean strength to protect our liberty and independence and the safety of the Empire?

How many of us, I wonder, understand—fully understand—that in every hour of every

day khaki-clad men are dying that we may live ? How many of us realise that every hospital in the kingdom is filled to overflowing with men who are suffering agonies of pain from wounds inflicted on their bodies because they stood in the way of the Kaiser's legions, the barbarians whose object is to reach and then destroy our homes, to murder and ill-treat English women and children, to duplicate in all their revolting hideousness the foul crimes committed in Belgium ? And this has been going on, let us remember, for over two years.

Is it not true that whilst we have done much already—we must, if we are to pay our debt to Britain's brave sons, do much more, very much more. We must accelerate our speed, mend our pace. By sheer hard work, grit, indefatigable perseverance and courage—by two years of laborious day and night preparation—men who before August, 1914, had no other desire but to live on terms of peace and goodwill with the whole world, who hated war and who were satisfied to till the soil, or to do professional or commercial work, have become so efficient in the art of warfare, that the British army, once called contemptible by the German Emperor, is now so splendidly equipped so thoroughly organised, that it is proving more than a match for the cream of the German army.

That I say is what Britain's fighting men have done and are doing ; but what are we men and

women who live at home at ease doing ? Are we organising our industries, are we preparing the way for the trade war that is coming, are we uprooting the pre-war class prejudices and the rotten conditions that cramped men's lives, are we taking steps to ensure a plenitude of work for all or are we just looking on at the mighty struggle that is taking place in the battlefields of Europe and leaving the many after-the-war problems for someone else to solve ? The game-hearted warriors who are giving us such amazing proofs of their prowess are carrying more than their daily share of mental and bodily agony—they must not come home to find a new and greater martyrdom awaiting them, least of all must they suffer because of our neglect to do all we could, because when we should have acted promptly we sat down in idle contemplation and made little or no effort to free ourselves from the habit of irresolution, because when after-peace preparations on a mighty scale were necessary we preferred to "wait and see."

We must be eager and ever more eager to do things for Britain, to take our full share of the growing burden of national responsibility, to listen to that still small voice within us that calls us to a new sense of duty.

We must bear our share of the heat and labour of the day, set our teeth in firm resolution, be strong in our determination to help where help is needed.

We owe it as an act of Christian love to our brothers in arms to do more than we have hitherto done to relieve their burden of suffering, and we must do it unselfishly, with goodwill, with brotherly kindness and a recognition of the proud privilege that our ability to help confers upon us.

We have a debt to pay to the heroic men who are fighting for our flag, to the millions of illustrious Britishers who with bull-dog valour are holding back the Kaiser's legions and barring the way to Calais, to Dover, to London—holding them back from our homes.

For 2½ years the debt has been growing, and in that time item after item has been added to the debtor side of the ledger. "To services rendered at Mons," "to services rendered at Neuve Chapelle," "to services rendered on the Somme," "to services rendered at Gallipoli," "to services rendered at Jutland" and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Individually and collectively we who remain in our well-guarded island homes, safe from the devastating work of the German guns, should count it a glorious privilege, each according to his strength and opportunities, to do some share of the work necessary to pave the way.

By common consent we have reached the greatest crisis in our history. Millions of Britishers—the very flower of our Empire's manhood—are over there in the blood-soaked fields of France and Belgium, opposed day

and night to the forces of pan-Germanism. In very truth these are men of destiny, who have gone forth with happy smiles on their faces, but with the unalterable determination in their hearts not to lay down their arms until William Hohenzollern, the twentieth century Dionysius, whose aim it is to force a doctrine of cultured Cæsarism on the world is finally overthrown.

At this supreme moment, when danger is threatening the whole British Empire, when Christianity is attacked by Paganism, when the issue is between Teutonic barbarism, as framed by the followers of Nietzsche and Treitschke, and the great cause of liberty and freedom, we must seize every opportunity, great and small, to make life's future better and brighter for these dauntless men who are fighting, and who, if need be, will die fighting that we may live in honour, that Britain may retain her place among the nations of the world, that justice, truth and humanity shall not perish under the iron heel of Prussianism.

Just as Friedrich Nietzsche in Zarathustra stormed the ramparts of heaven, and emptied it of its gods, so are his Prussian followers endeavouring to storm the ramparts of civilisation, and to empty it of all that life holds dear to us.

Over there, where the angry guns are thundering, where the shells are shrieking messages of deadly hate, where the air is filled

with the leaden rain of death our men are performing prodigies of valour, are dying that Britain may live. Listen and you will hear the low booming of the cannon, the pitiful cries of the women and children; look, and you will see the burning of the homesteads, the crimson glow in the heavens, the never-ending procession of ambulance men as with gentle care they bear the wounded men from the mighty battlefield that stretches from the North Sea to a point far inland.

If we look into the picture of what is actually going on on the Somme, the splendid work of our brothers in arms will stir something very noble in our hearts, will move the springs of the human soul, and spur us on to deeds which will aim to match their deeds, will make us realise that the greatest effort and sacrifice we are capable of, is little enough by comparison with what they are doing for us.

CHAPTER II.

BRITAIN'S NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

"It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.

WE are face to face with the mightiest upheaval of economic conditions the world has ever seen. The old order changeth and slowly but surely Great Britain is waking to a full realisation of the fact that all is not well, that the old formulas do not fit present-day conditions, that whereas we Britishers have been standing still the rest of the world has been moving forward with giant strides, capturing our trade here, fiercely competing with us there and leaving us far in the rear even in markets which were once exclusively or almost exclusively ours. In the last two years we have been going to school again—to the school of bitter experience—and not only have we been ridding our minds of some very old-fashioned fallacies, but we have been learning some hard but useful lessons, getting acquainted with some amazing facts, disentangling ourselves from false creeds and acquiring knowledge

of exactly where we stand. We have removed the bandages from our eyes and we are seeing things as they actually are. Our clarity of vision has greatly improved. The disillusionment is complete.

For years we went marching up and down the highways of the world shouting "Rule, Britannia" and "Britons never, never shall be slaves," and all the while other nations smiled, knowing quite well that we were manacled to our insular prejudices, were indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, were losing our position in the over-seas markets, were growing decadent. So satisfied were we with Britain's "superiority," with the "super-quality" of our products that we failed to notice what was happening in America, Germany and elsewhere, refused to believe that American and German manufacturers, scientists and inventors were storming our positions, driving us back and steadily consolidating their gains. We failed to recognise that our methods of carrying on business were time-worn, that dry-rot was setting in, that the obstinacy with which we clung to old ideas was wasting our strength. We believed we were still advancing when we were actually retrogressing, falling into the sear and yellow leaf. Complacency had robbed us of our energy, our resolution, our ambition; our whole industrial system had become mildewed and worm-eaten and a once proud position was seriously undermined,

When the world-war began we removed a little of the dust from our eyes and for the first time it dawned on us that something was wrong. The stupid "Business as usual" cry was hushed before the newly-acquired knowledge that the old order changeth and that a new era of industrial life, long overdue, was about to begin. The belated fact was brought home to us that we could not continue to do business in the old way, that for far too long we had been the victims of inertia. From the moment of that first awakening we have been slowly curing ourselves of the sleeping sickness, casting off the trammels, fighting for a new birth of freedom, watching for a new dawn of liberty and struggling for Britain's emancipation. The fetters are loosening and we have confidence in our ability to make the effort that will bring liberation. Taking example from the lion-hearted determination of Britain's heroic fighting men in France, in Egypt, in the Balkans and other theatres of war we are gathering new strength, courage and resolution and are facing the tremendous task before us in the spirit that will recognise no rebuff—*AND WE SHALL WIN.*

CHAPTER III.

ORGANISE FOR INDUSTRIAL VICTORY.

"Do the people of Britain want to go back to those pre-war conditions and worse? If not there is but one course open; they must fight their own battle, they must look to their own future now while yet the opportunity is in their hands. They must organise. And they must do so now.

"When peace comes we shall be faced with a tremendous dislocation of the whole industrial machine. Five millions of men and more now engaged at the front or on war work will be thrown back into the industrial market. Unless we prepare they cannot be absorbed: if we allow Germany to dump her goods here they cannot be absorbed.

"We shall be helping to pay off her colossal debt while our streets are thronged with unemployed men who, if our industries were organised, would be producing wealth. When this war is over there will be a tremendous demand for ships, machinery, bridges, and other forms of wealth destroyed by this war. Are we going to sit down and do nothing, leave things alone, drift aimlessly along, or shall we not, like men of energy and resolution, immediately prepare to get our share of the world's work?

Let us without delay devise a policy for the British Empire which shall cover every phase of our national, economic, and social life. Let us no longer pursue a policy of drift, but set sail upon a definite course as becomes a mighty nation entrusted with the destiny of one-fourth of the human race."

The Right Hon. W. M. Hughes.

ONE of the many lessons driven home by the war is that the unexpected does happen with most surprising frequency in this queer old world. War came to us with unexpected suddenness and it is not improbable that peace

negotiations may begin and end before we fully realise what is happening. The position to-day is that we are as unprepared for peace as we were for war in July, 1914, and if this world struggle does end within the next few months, as it easily may, we shall be in the position of having to muddle through the first stages of the trade war which will inevitably follow.

In a recent speech Herr Ballin, the German shipping magnate and friend of the Kaiser, said: "We will teach the English that we can demobilise as quickly for the trade war as we mobilised for the war we are fighting now."

"Victory in the industrial war that is coming is ours," Prime Minister Hughes has told us, "if we organise"—but we must organise now. To-morrow may be "too late," and we cannot afford to have any more "too late" experiences.

Statistics published in Berlin show that in the year before war Germany sold goods to the value of £167,000,000 to the British Empire. It was this British money which helped to build the German fleet and there is abundant evidence to show that Germany has made elaborate plans for restoring her foreign trade immediately after peace is signed and by a series of rapid movements similar to those by which she over-ran Belgium and France in August, 1914, to dump millions of pounds worth of cheap goods on the world's markets.

The Exchange Telegraph Company's Stockholm correspondent recently obtained the following facts: Within three weeks of the outbreak of war a conference was held at which the Kaiser was present. A decision was come to on the assumption that the war would last not more than eight months. A provisional plan was drawn up. It involved State financing of manufacturers who would keep open their works with the aim of heaping up a vast stock of goods for export. When peace was signed the stored goods would be thrown on the world's markets as fast as steamers could carry them. The goods in hand after the calculated eight months of war would pay for an immediate corresponding import of raw material. Germany could at a bound regain her old customers and cut out British and neutral rivals who must capture her markets during the war. The estimate is that the dumping store ready on January 1 was worth £300,000,000. Low prices are the essence of the German scheme. It will pay Germany to sell during the first half-year the whole of the stored goods at 10 per cent. below cost price, because the loss on £1,000,000,000 worth of goods would be only £100,000,000, the cost of a month of war. The war is being largely fought for world-trade, and a month's cost is nothing.

If through sheer neglect to deal vigorously with this dumping problem, through a continuation of the policy of drift, millions of

pounds worth of cheap German-made goods make their appearance on the British markets simultaneously with the return of millions of our own men to civilian occupations, our whole industrial system will be put out of joint and disorder and chaos calculated to produce serious consequences—consequences of the very kind Germany is relying on—will inevitably follow.

Nearly a year ago Mr. Asquith's attention was directed to this dumping question, and his reply was that the statements regarding Germany's preparations to dump millions of pounds worth of cheap products on the world's markets were based on an unproved assumption! Apparently the Asquith Government is determined not to take any steps in a matter of this kind until sworn documentary evidence proving Germany's designs is forthcoming—until Herr Ballin and other German industrial magnates go into the witness-box and declare their intentions under oath. It is the pre-war policy over again. All the warnings issued by Lord Roberts and other Britishers who were shrewd enough to foresee the aim of Germany's military preparations were ignored because the lawyer-politicians believed they were based on unproved assumptions.

Napoleon said "The able man profits by everything and neglects nothing that may give him one chance more of success," but the Asquith plan is the reverse of this,

viz., to profit by nothing and neglect everything.

In October last Sir Edward Carson asked Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons "whether any legislation would be introduced to prevent, in the event of peace, the dumping of German goods." The reply was: "I have not looked into that. Probably it may be necessary but that particular point has not been considered!" Germany's dumping scheme was prepared one month after war broke out, but in the twenty-sixth month Mr. Bonar Law made the astounding admission that he had not looked into the matter and the question of whether action to counteract Germany's schemes would be necessary had not been considered! It makes one wonder what would have happened if the war had ended a few months ago.

There is good reason to believe that in the all-important matter of over-seas trade the British manufacturer is waking up to the fact that his pre-war methods were all wrong. Here and there you will find men who have failed to answer the call and are still deep in the ruts, but we are moving in a forward direction. For many years I travelled in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and everywhere my information went to show that the over-sea buyers were growing weary and impatient with British business methods. There was far too much of

the "don't-care-whether-we-do-business-with-you-or-whether-we-don't" attitude, too many of the "cash-in-London-before-we-ship-the-goods" replies to firms of unquestionable repute, with the inevitable result that big orders fell easily into the hands of our rivals. The lion in the path was always the British manufacturer himself. Over and over again he refused point blank to budge from cast-iron rules, ignored the requests, the appeals to make such changes in his methods as were necessitated by different sets of circumstances; he was adamant, deaf to the warnings and blind to his own deep-rooted folly. Germany and America, on the other hand, made strenuous and successful efforts to cultivate the trade we were fooling with and spared neither expense, energy nor adaptability in the determination to capture the business. Their representatives were well-paid travellers of wide experience, mentally alert, resourceful, courageous, tactful, brilliant salesmen who were well provided with campaign funds. As late as October 20th last a correspondent in the London Press recorded the fact that having received an order from a very good firm in Russia asking for certain goods outside his line of business he translated the Russian letter and sent it to a well-known firm dealing in the article required. The reply was as follows:—

"Accept our thanks for your favour enclosing translation of a letter from Russia,

which we return to you herewith. We have the goods they require in stock. Prices are much advanced, and we should only be willing to trade for cash paid in London before the despatch of the goods."

Think of it! The goods required were in stock, but the order was from Russia and therefore they were only willing to trade for cash! Having seen hundreds of similar samples of asinine stupidity I know the attitude only too well—an attitude which if continued would in a very few years reduce our export trade to insignificant proportions. Germany, too, is quite familiar with the circumstances and her dumping and other plans are based on the belief that the old order of things will not change. It does not much matter what Germany believes, but it is of vital importance that we reorganise our methods without a minute's unnecessary delay.

Accumulation of war profits by manufacturers is allowed to proceed without check in Germany, which means that when peace returns the Germans will be in a far stronger financial position than their British trade rivals—will be better equipped in the matter of campaign funds. From the early days of the war the German Government has had the trade situation well in hand and there isn't a doubt that Great Britain will have to face a formidable combination of perfectly organised interests.

In one of his very interesting "Ten Months in Germany" articles in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. D. Thomas Curtin made this significant statement :—

"The National Liberal Party, of which Tirpitz is the god, are at the head of the vast, gradually solidifying mammoth Trust which embraces Krupps, the mines, shipbuilding yards, and the manufactures. Now and then a little of its growth leaks out. The other day there leaked out the linking up of Krupps with the new shipbuilding.

"The scheme is brutally simple and is going on under your eyes every day. These people believe that *by building ships themselves and destroying all enemy and neutral shipping* they will be the world's shipping masters at the termination of the war

"It was confidently stated to me by a member of that party, and by no means an unimportant one, that Germany is building ships as rapidly as she is sinking them. That I do not believe, but that a great part of her effort is devoted to the construction of mercantile vessels can be ascertained by even a casual traveller in the districts I have named."

More than a year ago Lord Beresford warned us that although we were unprepared for this war it would be our own fault if we were unprepared for the trade war which is to follow.

This, the third year of war, is confidently expected to be the year of victory—the year

in which Britishers are one and all determined to finally destroy the military domination of Prussia, to bring this world war to a triumphant conclusion and defeat our enemies not only on the European battlefields, but also in the industrial markets of the world. Therefore, whether the Government wills it or not, the people must see to it that no half-measures are employed.

Long before the peace treaty is signed the Germans will be ready with their plans to invade the commercial strongholds in every part of the globe, and by this time we know the men and their methods sufficiently well to realise that the keynote of their schemes will be organisation, thoroughness and rapidity of movement.

They will plan to strike first and to strike hard, to dump their goods everywhere, to secure such a firm footing in our territory that a supreme effort will be required to dislodge them.

The business leaders of Germany know that as soon as the present conflict ends, as end it must very soon, it will be their turn to declare war against Great Britain's trade, and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that they are even now working day and night to be ready for "the day." The appointed hour, come when it may, will see the commercial forces of Germany completely mobilised, will see their business organisation in a high

state of efficiency, will see them ready to flood the world's markets with German-made products.

They are calculating on finding British business men as lethargic, as slow of movement and as unready as were the British politicians two years ago. It is their belief that we shall adopt "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" as our slogan and that in the commercial struggle as in the political struggle we shall "wait and see." They believe that it will be another case of "inertia prevailed."

What we Britons have to do and what we are going to do is to use the mighty minutes between now and the declaration of peace in preparation for the titanic struggle which will take place between the business forces of the British and the Teutonic Empires. We must organise for industrial victory. Everywhere to-day, except in the countries fighting against us, there is a pronounced feeling in favour of British-made merchandise. The opportunity is ours and we are going to develop it along lines that will maintain Great Britain's commercial supremacy in all the great over-seas markets.

When "the day" comes we must be ready—splendidly ready—to take up the offensive, to say "hands off" to the Germans, to score the initial triumphs and to consolidate them before our enemies are able to get their "second wind."

In the new war that is coming the predominating influences will be brains, intellect and business acumen. Vigour, celerity, grit and dogged resolution will have to be very much in evidence.

Organisation, co-operation, enthusiasm, tireless energy and bulldog determination of the kind that is characteristic of the British people will do much, but a thorough knowledge of the over-seas markets and the conditions governing them, a readiness to deal with the conditions as we find them instead of trying to alter them and mould them to our requirements as we did so often in the past, are vitally necessary, too. We must adapt ourselves to the altered—very much altered—circumstances.

It is time for each and every one of us to be up and doing, to be in the van ready to play a leading part in the strenuous work that is ahead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

"I see the people pass before my eyes in the livery of wretchedness and political subjugation, ragged and hungry, painfully gathering the crumbs that wealth tosses insultingly to it, or lost and wandering in riot and the intoxication of a brutish, angry, savage joy; and I remember that those brutalised faces bear the finger-print of God, the mark of the same mission as our own. I lift myself to the vision of the future and behold the people rising in its majesty, brothers in one faith, one bond of equality and love, one ideal of citizen virtue that ever grows in beauty and might; the people of the future, unspoilt by luxury, ungoaded by wretchedness, awed by the consciousness of its rights and duties."—MAZZINI.

"We are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to Nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away."—

MARCUS AURELIUS.

MUCH has been accomplished, but if Britain is to regain her position in the van of the world's progress a great deal more must yet be done. There are many important matters calling for a readjustment of our views. First of all we must recognise that the very existence of the nation, of the Empire, depends in a large and ever-growing measure on the prosperity, the happiness and continued well-being not of the few but of the many. There is something very wrong with a nation forced to admit that millions of its people are always on the

verge of starvation. The cancerous growth responsible for that condition and which for years has been weakening the foundations of the Empire must be cut out. What we have to do is to take less pride in our millionaires and leaders of society and more pleasure in the fact that we are abolishing poverty, distress, social evils and hardships, in the knowledge that we are removing the barriers that divide different sections of the community. When the five million British super-men whose unparalleled heroism is making every Britisher from the King in his palace to the most humble peasant thrill with pride, return to civilian occupations, it must be to find new, better and healthier conditions. They will not be content with less, and must not be asked to accept less. The old life, the corrupt systems, the unfair struggle against monstrous odds will not satisfy them. Never again must it be said that millions of men of the stuff these men are made of are forced by the conditions in which they work, to live on the fringe of starvation. There must be a happier and a closer understanding between the powerful forces of Capital and Labour, each must recognise its duties to the race, each must strive in good faith to remove the old difficulties, to drop the time-worn shibboleths, to heal the pre-war wounds, to eradicate the bitterness which has existed too long, to play the game and to re-establish our industrial system on a basis of truth, justice,

common-sense, mutual sympathy and fellow-feeling. Leaders of both Capital and Labour are called upon to put their united strength and maximum effort into the new conditions that have arisen, to fight shoulder to shoulder, to secure a full realisation of their ideals and aspirations, to completely obliterate the old disputes, and like generals who command great armies in the theatre of war, prepare their plans to meet every emergency well in advance.

The old feud between masters and men, the carefully-nursed illusions, the time worn creeds, the unhappy misunderstandings must be buried for all time. Employers and employed must join forces under the same flag and recognise that their interests are mutual, that unity means strength.

In one of the recent Home Rule debates in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Carson said it might prove a good thing for Ireland if he and Mr. John Redmond shook hands across the floor of that House ; but as so frequently happens at Westminster, the suggestion did not get beyond the talking stage. Capital and Labour, however, must join in a whole-hearted hand-grip that will seal a new understanding. The foolish idea that they are enemies is a rank growth that must be weeded out. What is urgently wanted is a new alliance, an offensive alliance, ready to deal with the German trade menace. In the fight to destroy Prussian militarism, rich and poor

are sharing the same hardships, the same risks the same heroic work. Brothers in arms, men of the same race, they are shouldering the heat and burden of the day, each bearing his full share without quailing. In the equally important industrial struggle ahead it will be necessary for them to fight together once more, comrades in a common cause, allied in a close communion of interests, pledged to fight under the same banner till victory is won. If this war has proved one thing more than another it is that the British people are not lacking in the great qualities of courage and self-sacrifice, and that when the occasion demands it and the cause is worth it, they are ready to do whatever is asked without grumbling, ready and willing if need be, to suffer and die for an ideal !

All that is base in the old aims of contending parties must be crushed, all that is noble encouraged and built up. Capitalists and wage earners have a chance such as rarely presents itself to rise to unparalleled heights of greatness, but first of all they must throw narrow-minded prejudice and all selfish aims to the dogs, and with them the German-paid agents who continue to do their level best to bar the way to a final settlement of the old grievances.

In the last two years we have put five million men in khaki to fight the cause of world liberty, and when peace returns let us enlist fifty million people in the army of progress to fight for a greater Britain, to wage relentless war

against tyranny wherever and whenever it is to be found, to strafe all wretchedness and misery. The old order changeth, and the war is giving birth to that new order of things which will bring rich and poor together in a closer bond of brotherhood. Great issues have to be decided in the near future, but they must be handled by "stern men with Empires in their brains" and boundless love in their hearts. There must be an end to all snobbery, to all sectional and class jealousy.

The wage earner, the manufacturer, the capitalist—each has his special rights which must be recognised and safeguarded. To each must be given that which is rightly his, but no man, whether rich or poor, powerful or weak, influential or friendless, must be allowed to wrong his brother-citizens. Many of the past troubles between Capital and Labour were unquestionably due to mutual misunderstandings, to a regrettable tendency to rivet both eyes on one's own particular point of view, to the fact that masters and men were for the most part strangers to each other. There must be an all-round broadening of our views and sympathies, a closer partnership of interests, a closer intercourse between wage-earners and wage-distributors.

I remember when I was in Chicago a few years ago, one of my calls was at a large corset factory, in which nearly a thousand workmen and women were employed. At the lunch

hour I was invited to take the mid-day meal with the managing director and his colleagues, and instead of adjourning to a fashionable restaurant we went to another floor of the same building, where in a comfortably appointed room of liberal dimensions hundreds of the company's employees were taking lunch together. The directors of that business, which has a world-wide reputation, sat down at the same tables, shared the same food and were treated in precisely the same way as the humblest of the workers. And that was their invariable rule. With unfailing regularity they took the mid-day meal in the dining-room of the factory, and there, principals, departmental managers, men, women, boys, met on equal terms, shared the same plain but wholesome food, and talked together as friends, brothers, fellow-citizens. It was a big and very delightful family gathering, and in that splendid environment disputes, misunderstandings and distrust were impossible. The spirit of perfect harmony reigned and from the managing director down to the newest messenger recruit, the one aim was to advance the best interests of the business.

A few weeks ago 231 members of the *Manchester Guardian* staff presented an address to the governing director of that journal in which they stated "You have made the *Manchester Guardian* for us not merely a place of business, but a fellowship of honest work and honest

thinking." When every employer of labour can truthfully say that he has established in his shop, warehouse or factory a fellowship of honest work and honest thinking, we shall have made a real advance towards the ideal aimed at by every right-thinking citizen.

It is part of my belief that in every man, no matter how lowly his origin, no matter how depressing the environment in which he was trained, there is some spark of genius, of ambition, of humane feeling, of fraternal love. It is easy enough to stamp out such qualities in their early stages, and because that method has been employed with cruel frequency in the past, millions of men have been denied a chance in life, have been crushed and ground down by a virulent and relentless system, and as a very natural consequence have grown bitterly antagonistic towards conditions which they know are wrong, but which they are powerless to remedy. The old order changeth and the new system must find a way to fan the spark until it grows into an unquenchable flame, burning with fierce ardour to win success from the most difficult conditions. At the age of twenty-five Abraham Lincoln was a hired labourer, mauling rails. He was given his chance and became President of the United States.

"Never again," says Prime Minister Hughes, "must Britain go back to the hopeless, chaotic conditions of pre-war days."

The archaic habit of kicking a man when down, of taking from the weak such little strength as remained to them, must be ended, and there must be new laws, both written and unwritten, aiming always to uplift. It must be recognised that whether a man is of lowly or noble birth the same red blood flows through his veins; he has the same hopes, the same loves and hates, the same aspirations, the same rights, the same desire to rear his family in comfort, the same wish to live on terms of peace and goodwill with his fellowmen.

Every impediment to progress by the individual and by the State must be removed. Every man must have his chance, and it must be an equal chance. There must be no restrictions in the field of endeavour, no limiting of men's opportunities, no obstacles to individual achievement. There must be a general liberation of the nation's energy, the gates of opportunity must be thrown wide open, so that all who will can pass through without hindrance from the State, from class interests or individual tyranny. Every man must receive such help and encouragement as is necessary to win his own emancipation. Direct encouragement must be given to the workers to enter the field of originative achievement, to develop new ideas and inventions. Instead of being paralysed, as in pre-war days, genius must be liberated and labour receive the reward that is its due. "Inasmuch as most good things

are produced by labour," says Lincoln, "it follows that all such things of right belong to those whose labour has produced them. But it has so happened in all ages of the world that some have laboured and others have without labour enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each labourer the whole product of his labour as nearly as possible is a worthy subject of any good government." The truth of this argument is so obvious that it cannot be disputed.

Here is the impression of the British environment gathered by the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, during his recent visit to this country: "To some of these 40 millions, dwellers as it were on the outskirts of the gloomy forest of dull, monotonous toil, the beams of the wide, sunny world beyond lend colour and brightness and joy. But to many, stern necessity denied the leisure to look through the narrow slits of their world to the world beyond. Not toil, but the gnawing fear of the consequences of being denied the opportunity to toil, and so to live, obsessed them. The great world beyond the pale—warm, sunny, joyous—was not for them. They saw it as men behind the bars of a prison see the world of free men. It was a thing apart. A gulf divided them from it. A mist obscured it from their vision. They did not see it clearly. They produced the wealth which

makes life in the great world beyond worth living, but it was not for them. Yet not this, but the haunting destitution, down which they saw slip tens of thousands of their fellows, embittered their lives. For the great majority there was no hope. The doors of opportunity were closed; they could not escape from the drab, narrow round of toil to the great world beyond. The most they could hope for was to avoid the abyss of destitution. Their life would have been unendurable but that knowing no other, custom has inured them to it. . . . But men cannot be immersed in such environment with impunity. On their bodies, minds and souls its cramping effects are still deeply impressed.”*

Who can doubt in the face of such an opinion as this that our industrial methods need to be on an altogether different and better basis. Men—yes, and women, too—must be better paid, better housed and better fed. Profit sharing systems must be extended, labour given a bigger share of its earnings. In the terrific struggle now taking place on the battlefields of Europe millions of Britishers, irrespective of class, of social position, of wealth, are fighting side by side in a common cause, taking equal risks, equal responsibilities, equal rewards, each bearing his share of the Empire's burden. These men are partners in the same glorious

* *Sunday Herald*, Oct. 8th, 1916.

enterprise and when peace returns, as please God it will very soon, and our men return to civilian work, to constructive occupations, they must have something very much more than a monotonous round of daily toil to look forward to.

Men must be given the necessary stimulus to use their wits, to work out new ideas, and systems, to introduce improvements and to supersede old and worn-out methods with new and better plans. The newcomer whoever he is, who brings new enthusiasm to his task must be welcomed. Everything that has a tendency to tie men down, to render them helpless, must be cut out root and branch. Men must be free to reap the full benefits of honest toil, of honest manhood, to share in the general rewards for things accomplished.

It was Mazzini who said, "Labour is sacred. No one has the right to forbid it or fetter it or make it impossible by arbitrary conditions; no one has the right to restrain free traffic in its products; your native land is your market, from no part of which you may be shut out." And again: "Whoever is willing to give for the good of all that much of work of which he is capable ought to obtain enough recompense to enable him to develop his own special life more or less in all the aspects which define it as human."

It is the duty of the State to see that every man who is willing to work is kept in regular

employment and there must be State unemployment pay for men and women out of work. There must be recognition of the fact that we are all members of one big family, and no honest worker must be allowed to suffer because there happens to be a scarcity of work. So long as the country contains food enough to supply the needs of the whole family, no individual member of it must be allowed to go hungry.

Equal opportunities, equal rights, equal considerations for services rendered—individual liberty, individual initiative, untrammelled enterprise—a new spirit of fellowship, a new era of humanity—a new reign of liberty and justice—these are the ideals to keep in view, to fight for and to emblazon on our banners. Hard work, creation, production, health, happiness—these are the things which will bring about the world's redemption and make destructive wars impossible.

The burden of responsibility on the men who amassed wealth because hitherto entirely wrong and one-sided conditions favoured them and made it lawful to take a bigger share of the people's earnings than they were justly entitled to, is doubly heavy to-day, and they will do well to remember that to whom much has been given much is expected. There is a debt of service due from all men to their country, proportioned to the bounties which nature and fortune have showered on them, but the

debt these men owe to the State, to the community, is far heavier than they have hitherto realised and it must be paid in full.

Unjust handicaps against the little man must be abolished, monopolies and monopolists ended, the vital energies of the people freed. If the future of the British Empire is to be even greater and more glorious than in the past Britain's sons must be encouraged to greater achievements, bigger triumphs, not only in the fields of industry, but in science, inventiveness, social reform. We must set up beacons of hope and encouragement in every city, every town, every hamlet, every hill and dale throughout the land.

If we are to regain our position in the eyes of the world we must make our people happier, introduce more joy and gladness into their lives, give them greater freedom from care and suffering, point the way to more laughter and song, to sunshine and pure air. It is our duty to remove the drab elements in life wherever they appear, to give unto others some share of the joys we ourselves delight in. "When you love one another as brothers," says Lamennais, "and treat each other reciprocally as such, and each one, seeking his own good in the good of all, shall identify his own life with the life of all, his own interests with the interests of all, and shall be always ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of the common family, and

they equally ready to sacrifice themselves for him, most of the ills which weigh to-day upon the human race will vanish like the thick mists gathered upon the horizon vanish at the rising of the sun ; since it is His will that Love shall unite little by little, and ever more closely, the scattered elements of Humanity and order them in a single body, and Humanity be one, as He is one."

Above all else the life and health of the nation must be closely safeguarded and preserved. There must be more light and purer air, better sanitary conditions, greater freedom from accidents in factories, workshops and stores. Efficient machinery is of great importance, but human life must come first. Children must not be permitted to spend their energies before they have received the necessary education to equip them for the battle of life, before they are physically able to stand the strain put upon them. Young children must not be given heavy tasks that endanger their lives or their health or dwarf their souls and men who offend in this way merely to amass wealth must be held criminally responsible. In hundreds of factories and stores throughout the kingdom girls and boys who are little more than children are still compelled to work long hours in unhealthy conditions and they are not paid a living wage.

In big shops and stores scattered throughout the land it is still possible to find thousands

of young girls who are slaves to a pernicious system, who work scandalously long hours for a mere pittance, who are made to conform to rules and working conditions that are criminally wrong. In the majority of instances the money they are paid is not sufficient to provide even the food required to maintain their physical well-being. Thousands of them live on the brink of the abyss and become physical and moral wrecks before they are out of their teens, at which stage they are flung back on the world to finish their lives in wretchedness and misery. The atmosphere tends to kill body and soul, cramp the mind and embitter the existence. One of the direct causes of the long hours, poor wages and arbitrary conditions in shops and departmental stores is the bargain-hunting mania. Thousands of young and useful lives have been sacrificed to cater to the demands of bargain-seeking shoppers. For the most part the hundreds of thousands of girls engaged in various occupations throughout the kingdom have no organisations to safeguard their interests or to protect them from abuse and are, therefore, at the mercy of every unscrupulous employer who cares to make self-interest his religion, money his god, and the fleshpots his chief joy in life. From the national standpoint it has to be remembered that these girls will be the mothers of future generations of Britishers, and therefore it is vitally important

to wipe out the abuses which surround their working conditions.

Right in the very front of the long array of pressing reforms demanding immediate attention is a shortening of the hours of labour in shops, a revision of the conditions governing labour, an increase in the wages paid. Earlier closing of retail stores should be enforced by law. Many of the big stores in Canada and Australia close at 5 or 5.30 p.m. during the summer months and there is no good reason why any retail establishment should remain open more than eight hours a day. The boy or girl who is old enough to work eight or ten hours each day is old enough to receive a wage that will provide a comfortable living. The minimum which must be demanded is a living wage, and no man must be permitted to grow rich by the aid of cheap labour.

The strength of the nation will increase or decrease as the health of the people improves or deteriorates, and therefore the bouyancy and physical well-being of the race must be protected from the attacks made on it from time to time by money-grabbers, from the callous brutality of get-rich-by-any-method employers, from the tyranny of men who grow fat on the proceeds of sweated labour.

The problems before us are varied and complex, and to uproot the worst and most dangerous of the evils it will be necessary to use the knife courageously and unsparingly.

Much can and undoubtedly will be done by trade union organisations and kindred associations rightly directed, but if wrongs are to be righted, if justice is to prevail, the Government must act too, must spend money as freely on the urgent problems of peace as it has done on the problems of war—not this Government with its slow, lethargic movements, but a business Government free from worn-out precedents, from party bias, selfish interests and conventional methods of law-making—a people's Government working for the common good of all and determined to give this nation and to each and every member of it that liberty which the Almighty in His wisdom willed was their birthright.

The composition of the House of Commons will need to undergo a complete transformation in the very near future. Party politicians, representatives of vested interests, men who get into Parliament because it helps their social, business or professional ambitions, or because it gives them access to the best club in London and members who vote as the "whips" tell them to vote, are as little use to the Nation as the wax figures in Madame Tussauds. What we want for the critical days ahead is a Government that will use its power to fight repression, poverty, coercion, superstition, disease, that will place the great cause of humanity before all else, will aim to empty the streets of beggars, decrease the number of prisons and workhouses

and will make it the nation's business to provide the people with something more than their "daily bread."

There is a passage in the Virginia Bill of Rights which is well worth quoting :—

"That all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people ; that magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them.

"That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection and security of the people, nation or community ; of all the various modes and forms of government, that is the best which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety, and is most effectually secured against the danger of mal-administration ; and that, when any government shall be found inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, inalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged conducive to the public weal."

That form of government is best which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety. Let us remember that now and always.

CHAPTER V.

BACK TO THE LAND.

"Every inch of ground in this country ought to be producing now for the food of the people. The Government ought to have drastic powers for taking possession of land."—SIR EDWARD CARSON.

IN that book of amazing facts, *Eclipse and Empire*, by Dr. Gray and Samuel Turner, it is stated : (1) that more than half the area of England and Wales is owned by 2,500 people—one man out of every 14,000 ; (2) only 5 per cent. of the cultivated land in the United Kingdom is devoted to wheat production ; (3) the amount of island grown wheat has fallen nearly 20 per cent. in the last thirty years, whilst that of Germany has increased at least 50 per cent. ; (4) 77 per cent. of the population are dwellers in the towns and only 23 per cent. in the country.

There is, of course, a very close relationship between those four facts and also this one : In October last the British Government bought from the Australian Government 500,000 tons of wheat at a cost to this country of £40,000,000

Here and there in Great Britain you will find single individuals who own forty thousand acres of land or more, and their idea of its use appears to be to fence it off, to hunt and shoot over it, to play polo or golf on it, to lay it out in ornamental gardens and to erect "Trespassers

will be prosecuted " notices at such points as touch the public roads or footpaths.

A full inquiry into the whole of the circumstances which gave these men the overlordship of so much land would, without a doubt, tend to show that in very many instances the ownership from a common right standpoint is neither just nor legitimate. However, for the moment I am not concerned so much with the question of the ownership as the use the land is put to. What we are entitled to demand and what we must insist on is that the hundreds of thousands of acres which are now unproductive shall be put to full and proper use, shall be employed to make Britain self-supporting in the matter of food supplies. This country is not so large that we can permit huge sections of it to remain perpetually idle. We can and we must grow sufficient wheat, and raise enough stock in Great Britain to make us independent of supplies from over-sea dominions.

The men who possess great wealth either in money or lands must be made to understand that such ownership carries with it immense responsibilities and failure to discharge their debts to the State must lead to heavy penalties or forfeiture.

The Prime Minister of Australia recently made some caustic references to the butterfly type of Englishmen who " look upon the earth as their playground, over which they may roam at will, taking no thought for the morrow save to

plan some new sensation, some fresh pleasure." In the plan for building a greater Britain there will be little need of and small room for, any men, rich or poor, who are not prepared to toil and shoulder their share of the nation's work. Men who are "too proud to work" are as little use to a nation as the men who are "too proud to fight" In *The Spirit of the Hive*, Maurice Maeterlinck tells us that occasionally a bee will go off to the fields and come back gorged with honey, bringing nothing for the common stock, and this bee is quickly killed—stung to death by a self-appointed committee who sit on the case and seem to consider that any bee which loses sight of the spirit of the Hive and works for private good is sick, criminally insane and cannot be allowed longer to cumber good space. Most people will agree that many useful lessons can be learned from bees. British landowners must not lose sight of the spirit of the Hive. They must take down those "private land" notices and use the soil not only to supply the nation with its "daily bread," but to provide employment for the nation's workers. The migration from the rural districts to the cities must be discouraged by offering profitable and healthy employment on the land. Too many of our sons of the soil are going to Canada, New Zealand, Australia and the United States to farm the new lands there. Nowhere is there such a pressing need for the development of agricultural pursuits as here in Great Britain,

and the opportunities must be made to square with the nation's pressing needs, so that instead of farmers' sons having to go 12,000 miles to grow food for Britain's larder they will be able to render the same service at home. In these days of super-Zeppelins and super-submarines it is not politic to have from 5,000 to 14,000 miles of water separating this country from the main sources of its food supplies. To-day's high food prices furnish incontrovertible proof of this.

It is an unhealthy sign in the life of a nation when people mass themselves into larger and larger communities, when they leave the big, open spaces, the purity of the country air, to fill sedentary occupations in industrial centres and huddle themselves in crowded tenements. It will be a good day for Britain when work on the land is made sufficiently attractive to draw some of the people back to rural life and occupations.

One of the most urgent and pressing needs of the day is that the men and women of Britain shall learn to till the land. If you travel overland through France from Marseilles to one of the cross Channel ports and then, after the short sea trip, take train again to the north of England, you cannot fail to note an amazing difference, not only in the quantity of land under cultivation in France as compared with England, but also in the way the work is carried on. The French rural districts have

been denuded of men, but agricultural work goes on much as before, and if some of the English and Welsh farmers who sit on rural Tribunals and grant wholesale exemptions from military service to strong and healthy farm workers want to know how it is done, a visit to France will give them the required information, and at the same time satisfy them that the French people are making real sacrifices to win the war. The men in France have gone to the wars and the women, helped by the men who are too old or too young for military service, are tilling the soil, not because they like the work or are better suited for it than our own women, but because they are proud to serve France, because they know that every woman who does a man's work gives a soldier to her country.

"Those who work on the land," says Thomas Jefferson, "are the chosen people of God, if He ever had any chosen people, whose breasts He has made the peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtues. . . corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age or nation has furnished an example."

A good and sufficient reason surely for finding plenty of work at home for all who prefer to work on the land and for discouraging the emigration of our best blood to other lands.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

WORK—THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

"Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all virtues: Be active in business that temptation may miss her aim; the bird that sits is easily shot."—BENJ. FRANKLIN.

"Through labour to rest, through combat to victory."—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

"If a man sow only chaff in never so sublime a manner, with the whole earth and the long-eared population looking on, and chorally singing approva, rendering night hideous, it will avail him nothing."—CARLYLE.

"The incapacity or the capacity to breast the brow of the hill marks the man."—BENJAMIN HAYDON.

"Do that which is assigned thee and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much."—EMERSON.

THE primary cause of the fall of the Greek, Roman and other Empires was that a love of idleness had eaten its way into the lives of the people, gradually weakening the moral strength derived from industry and endurance.

In the pre-war days—how far away they seem!—we were getting perilously near a belief that the butterfly type of existence was really good for us, that the drones belonged to a higher order of humanity and that work was the sort of thing to be left to the "common people." The percentage of lotus-eaters was showing an alarming increase, the strenuous life was not popular, and the dormice found it

easy enough to retain their sinecures. One of the many useful lessons which this war has taught us is that Britain's work is not finished yet, that the heritage of Empire which we hold in trust for future generations demands sleepless vigour, that there is more than sufficient work on hand to keep us busy for as far ahead as we can see with any clearness, that it is still lion-like and not mollusc-like qualities that we need and that a life of ignoble ease can only lead to the downfall of our Empire.

We were showing an increasing interest in the number of our playgrounds and a decreasing interest in the development of our workshops; we were making national heroes of football, cricket, tennis, golf, polo and boxing champions, little dreaming that in the sheltered security of cottage homes, hidden away in remote corners of the kingdom, on the wheat-fields of Canada, the sheep farms of Australia and New Zealand, in India, South Africa, Newfoundland there were heroes—myriads of them—made in sterner mould, dauntless, brave-hearted sons of Empire, merely waiting for the call, waiting to prove by imperishable deeds of valour that the spirit of our forefathers is not dead. Two years ago we awoke with a start, closed most of the playgrounds and commenced work again in grim earnest. I have no quarrel with playgrounds, but on the contrary want to see more of them. I want to see greatly improved human surroundings, in which there

will be more sunshine, more happiness and more play *for the workers*. I hope to see more men playing the game and not so many lookers-on. Twenty-two men playing and forty thousand looking on is not by any method of reasoning the best way to develop the physical qualities of the race. We cannot build a greater Britain, a bigger Empire or a more extensive trade by developing the habit of watching others.

Step by step work is coming into its own again. Millions of Britishers are fighting in France, in the Balkans, in Egypt, in Africa and other theatres of war, but notwithstanding this wholesale transfer of men from industrial to military work Britain's output to-day is actually greater than it was before the war. So you see we are speeding up, learning what it means to hustle.

We have become a nation of workers again. What is more important, however, is that we have made the discovery that work is mighty good for us, that the strenuous life is a healthy life and that the pride which achievement brings is splendidly satisfying and stimulating.

A month or so ago the Great Western Railway Company had a dispute with some of their goods porters—one of those trivial affairs that had a small beginning, but which in the old days might quite easily have led to a general strike by all railway employees. For the time being, however, strikes are illegal, and so the men hit on a new plan, clever enough in its

way and simple enough—so the men thought—to operate. Since they could not stop work altogether, they decided to “go slow,” to do the minimum amount of work and the maximum of shirking. You remember the result—to their surprise those goods porters made the discovery that something had happened, and the particular something was that they could not “go easy,” they could not shirk. In common with the rest of us they had developed the work habit to such an extent that they found “going slow” more troublesome and difficult than working at full speed. The plan was a failure and so the strike ended, not, however, before it had furnished us with a very pleasing proof that indolence is going out of fashion.

The old order changeth and in this new and very much improved state of things there is food for thought, proof that Britain is becoming active again and shaking off the torpor that once threatened her strength.

Work is and always has been a blessing. Show me a man who is always busy and I will show you a man who is always happy. There is big work, work that is worth while ahead—to restore, to organise, to resuscitate, to build, to produce, to create, to invent. A new day is dawning when the worker will reap the full rewards of his labour, when the idler, the shirker and the loungeur will be relegated to the background and placed in a class set apart for degenerates, when Great Britain will establish

a new nobility, embracing only men who do things. Ruskin's complaint that the rule of his time was £5,000 a year to your talker and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger and thinker has a measure of truth in it yet, but it is one of the rules we are determined to alter. We are nearing a time when men will no longer be judged by their social positions, their wealth or their parentage, but by the worth of the work and service they render to the nation, by their achievements in the field of industrial enterprise, when brains will count a great deal more than birth. Work, effort, industry will be the qualities we shall look for. To be inactive, to be a mere consumer and not a producer will be voted un-English.

The official description of a man who does no work and has no occupation is for some extraordinary and unfathomable reason "gentleman," but it is of course a misnomer. Officialdom has twisted the word from its original meaning and made it a synonym for men who live purposeless lives. To be known as a gentleman in the sense that implies sloth and slumber is certainly not a very honourable distinction.

"Whether a life is noble or ignoble," says Lord Avebury, "depends not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed. The humblest life may be noble, while that of the most powerful monarch or the greatest genius may be contemptible."

Similarly Ruskin tells us "It does not matter whether a man paint the petal of a rose or the chasms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend on him as he labours and wait for ever on his work."

Of what use, pray, is a man's life if it contains no record of work, if its pages are all blanks, if as he stands on the threshold of the Great Beyond the Book of Deeds does not contain a single item on the credit side of his account? It is not at all necessary that we should live, but it is a clear duty to occupy such time as is given to us in the endeavour to carry out some useful task, in the effort to leave the world in which we live better in some one respect at least than we found it.

Wealth at its best is a slippery possession. A superfluity of it can only buy superfluities. Many men who neglect to cultivate the work habit whilst still young and active, believing that their "independent means" will carry them through, are, because of some trick of fortune, frequently reduced to a state of penury before middle age is reached and from that time on are mere straws drifting with the tide. When misfortune overtakes them they are unable to change their self-taught habits of idleness.

Apart altogether from the question of whether it is necessary as a means of earning money all young citizens, rich or poor, sons of dukes or sons of peasants, should, when they reach a certain age, take up their share of toil.

If it serves no better purpose labour will at least develop the body and the mind, provide useful occupation for time that otherwise would be wasted and give room for that justifiable pride born of service. If, through the adoption of this plan the nation loses some of its "gentlemen" there will be compensating gain in the increased number of men it will give us. Work gives strength to a man's character, fibre to the body and cleanliness to the mind. "From exertion," says Thoreau, "comes wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student, sensuality is a sluggish habit of the mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one. If you would avoid uncleanness and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to overcome, but she must be overcome."

The Romans had two peculiarly instructive proverbs about work: "*Labor Omnia vincit*" (Labour conquers everything) and "*Labor ipse voluptas*" (Labour itself is a pleasure). If men who waste so many valuable years in the pursuit of stupid pleasures will only realise how much more permanent satisfaction is to be derived from patient labour and how much more honour there is in a task well accomplished, there will very soon be a big increase of recruits in the army of toilers.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rest unburnished; not to shine in use—as though to breathe were life!"

Someone has said that "it is better to wear out than to rust out"; but all the evidence goes to prove that idleness wears away a man's life at a much greater speed than work. "Sloth like rust, consumes faster than labour wears" is the way Benjamin Franklin puts it.

The penalties of idleness are discontent, physical weakness, ennui, insomnia. The rewards of work are a peaceful mind, physical and moral strength, freedom from dull care and the blessed gift of sleep. Listen to Gray's lines :—

"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

So long as we find interest and pleasure in the tasks allotted to us there is small risk of being worried with the troubles that haunt the idler. Work kills worry, drives away care, keeps the mind alert, the muscles taut, the body clean and is the enemy of discontent.

Occasionally we hear of people breaking down through "overwork," and claims are made from time to time that overdoses of work prove fatal. Thousands of men and women die every month through over-playing, over-eating, over-drinking, over-worry, because they disobey the laws of health, the laws of nature, the laws of common-sense; but very few men really suffer through over-work. Work is the greatest of all tonics and invigorators, the

richest medicine for mind and body, and its blessings are boundless. It is stagnation, not perspiration, that ruins a man's health. Advice to work less from whatever source it comes, should be shunned as you would shun the plague. At a recent meeting of the Association of Technical Institutions, Sir Alfred Keogh said arrangements were being made to establish workshops for *curative treatment* in connection with all the orthopædic hospitals in the country. This recognition of work as a curative agent is a revolutionary change of tremendous importance.

Did you ever watch the sculptor, as by a process of elimination he transforms some shapeless piece of marble into a work of infinite beauty, the worker in brass, in steel, in iron or wood, as, with face all furrowed and seamed, and unconcealed enthusiasm burning in his eyes, he compels that which is irregular in form and misshapen to bend to his will and step by step to become classic in design, beautifully symmetrical and eye-pleasing, as by his skill and craftsmanship he fashions the raw and tangled material into the finished product? Do you suppose these men have no sense of pride, of strength, of power, that they are unconscious of the fact that their creative ability is a God-given gift, and as such is worth more to the nation than all the snobbery of the men whose carefully manicured hands are unsoiled by work? Is there an idler in the land, rich or poor,

educated or uneducated, who will dare to come forward and claim that in intellect, in usefulness, in manliness, he is the equal of these men, or that he is entitled to the same consideration, the same privileges, the same rewards ?

Britain is calling loudly for help—the help of strong, unselfish, efficient, tireless workers and if in the future there is to be preferential treatment of any kind, these are the men who are entitled to special consideration.

All great achievements, whether associated with the lives of individuals or nations, are founded on the qualities of patient toil and endurance. We live in an age of splendid accomplishments and to-day, more than ever before, the future of the race is almost entirely in the hands of the workers. The men who spend their lives in castles of indolence, who eat the bread of idleness, who spend but do not earn, are as injurious in a world of toilers as are weeds in a garden. “There are some,” Seneca tells us, “who live without design at all and only pass like straws on a river ; they do not go—they are carried.”

“It has so happened,” said Abraham Lincoln, “in all ages of the world that some have laboured and others have without labour enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. That is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each labourer the whole product of his labour as nearly as possible is a worthy object of every good Government.”

One of the things every Britisher has to do to equip himself for the work demanded of him is to aim at a higher standard of efficiency. A celebrated French actress recently expressed the opinion that she was 100 per cent. efficient because she had made herself so. At the age of sixteen, possessing no advantages of birth or training, she "took account of herself" and was brutally truthful in admitting her many imperfections. "No woman who refuses to recognise the whole truth," she stated, "can become one hundred degrees efficient. Hold a mirror to your face, your figure and your mind, and remember that your mirror does not lie. If you are homely in the mirror you are homely out of it."

"I looked into my mind," she continues, "and what did I see. Not much of any one thing, but a little of many things! For the first time in my life I realised that I could think, and I have since utilised this discovery to great advantage."

Having scheduled a list of her imperfections the fight to win efficiency commenced. There was never a doubt that she could, if she so willed it, remove all the obstacles in her path, that she could triumph over the many difficulties, that she could win success, that by sheer determination she could become a "top-notcher," and so, of course, she did succeed.

If we all follow this example and take a look into the mirror occasionally for the purpose of

ascertaining precisely what imperfections we possess, we shall derive a good deal of benefit from the information handed back to us. If the mirror reflects weakness, idleness, extravagance, the lesson is to root them out and in their place to put strength, industry, thrift. What we all ought to do is to run a tape measure over our qualities from time to time to find out if they measure up to the required standard of efficiency. If we shake ourselves free from inertia and sluggishness and harness up to zeal, vigilance and dash, if we improve every shining hour, if we redouble our resolution, the obstacles that intrude in the path of success will become stepping-stones to the alpine heights beyond.

In every age we can find inspiring examples of success against far greater odds than we shall ever have to battle with. Take courage by their pattern and use these achievements as models to work from.

From early infancy Helen Keller has been blind and deaf, but so great have been her triumphs over unparalleled physical infirmities that to-day she is an author of repute, a scholar of renown, master of several languages, an authority on social conditions and one of the best educated women in the world. If this woman, denied the blessed privileges of sight, of hearing, and, but for her own determined efforts, of speech, has accomplished so much, what ought we who do not suffer from such handicaps, to accomplish. Helen Keller will

always be a wonder and inspiration to the world and if we keep her brilliant example in mind the very thought of failure will make us feel ashamed, will make us feel that we dare not fail.

A year or two ago a miner residing at Terre Haute, Ind., had the great misfortune to lose a leg, and so consumed was he with his own trouble that he wanted to die. Then came a letter from Helen Keller enclosing £4 and what in this case was of greater value, words of good cheer and encouragement. "To the man in the hospital who must begin life over again handicapped," was Miss Keller's helpful message. As he thought of the struggle this wonderful woman had made to win success, his own loss shrank to insignificant proportions, and this workman whose future had to be fought against such big odds desired to live and made a resolution to succeed. "You bet I can manage to get along," was the determined attitude he took up after reading that letter.

Think, too, of that other wonderful woman, Miss Sullivan, who for more than a quarter of a century dedicated her life to the education of Miss Keller, fighting side by side with her pupil against apparently insuperable difficulties, never for a single moment losing faith, always going forward and by dint of superhuman effort triumphing over what appeared to be impossible odds. Is our task greater than hers?

Demosthenes—the greatest of all the world's orators—had originally a weak voice, a short breath and a very uncouth and ungracious manner. He “looked into the mirror,” saw his defects and then, by dint of grim resolution and infinite pains overcame them. He would climb up steep and craggy places to help his wind and strengthen his voice ; to remedy the defect in his speech he would declaim with pebbles in his mouth ; he would place a looking-glass before him to correct the awkwardness of his gesture ; and he learned of the best players the proper graces of action and pronunciation. He was so intent upon his study that he would often retire into a cave of the earth and shave half his head so that he could not with decency appear abroad till his hair was grown again. He also accustomed himself to harangue at the seashore, where the agitation of the waves formed to him an idea of the commotions in a popular assembly and served to prepare and fortify him against them.

In the life of Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, we find another proof of how industry can be made to overcome every obstacle. Stone was the son of a gardener, in the service of an English duke. The only instruction he received was in reading by a servant on the estate. “After learning to read,” says Stone, “I watched the masons at work on the house. I went near them and saw that the architect used a rule and compasses

and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the use of these things, and was informed there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic and learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry. By reading I found there were good books in these two sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I understood there were good books of the same kind in French. I bought a dictionary and learned French. "And this," concludes the narrator simply, "is what I have done."

Guisepe Sarto, the son of a postman of Piese, was born in very poor circumstances. So great was his love of study when a boy that whilst taking his father's donkey out to graze, he would hold the cord with one hand whilst the other held his *Cæsar Herodotus*, or some book of mathematics. In 1903 he was crowned Pope Pius X.

Joseph Chamberlain, born with no advantages of wealth, birth or station, devoted the time saved from athletic sports to study. When he died it was said of him that he could, had he so desired, have been Prime Minister, an earl and been buried in Westminster Abbey. By universal consent he was one of the greatest Englishmen of the last half century.

Joachim Murat, the son of an innkeeper of La Bastide, rose to be Napoleon's cavalry leader, then Marshal of France, and later won his way to the throne of Naples.

Born in bondage, and for over fifty years a serf on a West Indian plantation, the negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture rose by sheer force of character to be Dictator of San Domingo. From early boyhood he gave proof of remarkable intelligence, and was a keen student of the writings of Epictetus and Plutarch's Lives. Fear he knew not, and so great was his triumph over fatigue that he rarely took more than two hours sleep each night. Under his gifted leadership the negroes won their liberty, and the sacred rights of citizenship. Later Toussaint met with a treacherous death, but he left behind him a record of integrity, courage and greatness of soul which will serve to give his name high rank in the list of the world's most illustrious heroes for all time. Lamartine made him the hero of a drama, Wordsworth addressed him in verse, and the Marquis Hermona tells us that "in all the world God never inspired a purer soul than his."

Thomas Edison's teacher, so it is said, spoke of him to an inspector as "addled." He was always, according to his own recollection, "at the foot of the class, and had come almost to regard himself as a dunce, while his father entertained vague ideas as to his stupidity." At the age of fourteen, however, we are told that Edison showed a passionate desire for knowledge. He secured the use of the smoking compartment on the Port Huron-Detroit train (on which he sold newspapers and candy) and

in his spare time equipped it with an extraordinary variety of apparatus. A dollar a day from his profits went every day to his mother, and the money left invested in apparatus and chemicals. Young Edison's spare time was spent at the public libraries in search of technical information, and his spare earnings on chemical supplies.

These habits of industry became a part of Edison's everyday life, and from that time on his long and dazzling career is thickly studded with splendid examples of success wrung from discouraging conditions by sheer force of hard work.

A study of his life gives a picture of the great inventor working in his laboratory day after day until three or four o'clock in the morning, and then, when nature would no longer be denied, reluctantly lying down on one of the tables with nothing but a couple of books for a pillow. It did him more good, he said, than being in a soft bed, which spoils a man.

In 1881, when the work of laying underground conductors for the first Edison Light station was being proceeded with, Edison, notwithstanding the fact that at this particular period of his life he was plunged into a veritable maelstrom of important business interests and had in one year applied for no fewer than eighty-nine patents, actually worked in the trenches day and night with the labourers, amid the dirt and paving stones and hurly-

burly of traffic, helping to lay the tubes, filling up junction boxes, and assisting with all the infinite detail. He ignored the hands of the clock, working right on until he felt the need of a little rest. Then he would go off to the station building at Pearl Street, throw an overcoat on a pile of tubes, lie down and sleep a few hours, rising to resume work with the first gang. "It is worth pausing," Mr. F. L. Dyer and T. C. Martin tell us in their "Life of Edison," to glance at this man taking a fitful rest on a pile of iron pipes in a dingy building. His name is on the tip of the world's tongue. Distinguished scientists from every part of Europe seek him eagerly. He has just been decorated and awarded high honours by the French Government. He is the inventor of a wonderful new apparatus and the exploiter of novel and successful arts. The magic of his achievements and the rumours of what he has done have caused a wild drop in gas securities and a sensational rise in his own electric light stock from \$100 to \$3,500 a share. Yet these things do not at all effect his slumber or his democratic simplicity for, as in everything else, he is attending strictly to business, doing the thing that is next to him."

Benjamin Haydon was the son of a Plymouth stationer, and his father was anxious to train him in the business that carried the family name. At the age of sixteen, however, young Haydon read Reynolds' "Discourses" and,

inspired by the statement "that all men are naturally equal in capacity and that genius is the mere outcome of application" he determined to win fame as a painter. From that time on he displayed an amazing capacity for toil. When he was painting "The Judgment of Solomon" he worked from 10 a.m. one morning until 3 a.m. the next so as to complete the head of the principal figure. Finishing his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus" on December 7th, 1822, he commenced "The Crucifixion" the very next day. "What is there in the world great, glorious, or grand" he said, "that is not, ever has been and ever will be uphill work" . . . "The incapacity or capacity to breast the brow of the hill marks the man." "What Homer dared, I'll dare!" he once wrote. Handicapped by periodical attacks of blindness he stuck to his work and although severe eye trouble delayed the completion of his picture "Christ entering Jerusalem" for six years, he had the satisfaction of being told by Wordsworth that it was worth waiting half a century for so complete a work. His work evoked the admiration of such famous critics as Sir Walter Scott, Hazlitt, Goethe, Coleridge, Shelley, Canova, and Southey. He would sometimes work fourteen or fifteen hours a day and when studying the forms and principles of the Elgin marbles, would frequently stay in the damp Park Lane cellars until long after midnight, holding a

candle in one hand and drawing with the other.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, of lowly parentage, Alfred H. Smith lost his father when only thirteen years of age, a calamity which made it necessary for him to leave school at once and take work as messenger boy in a railway office. His pay was \$18 a month. He worked hard to secure promotion and succeeded. Then he grew ambitious and dreamed of the day when he would build railroads. By degrees his dream came true. To-day Mr. Smith, still a young man, is President of the New York Central Railway, one of the greatest railroad systems in the world.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who lived to the great age of 93 years, was plain Donald Smith in his boyhood days. His parents were not well-to-do, and early in life young Smith found it necessary to go out into the world to seek success. He entered the service of the Hudson Bay Co., was sent into the interior of Labrador and remained on the shores of Hudson Bay for thirty years, overcoming hardships with characteristic determination, using all his leisure time in supplementing his education by reading. He advanced steadily from post to post, and in 1868 became chief executive officer of the Company. Then he became interested in other big commercial undertakings, notably the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1886 he was knighted, and in

1897 was raised to the peerage. Even in the late years of his long life Lord Strathcona's chief characteristic was an enormous capacity for work. Questioned on his 93rd birthday as to the best way to live to an old age, his reply was "by not thinking about age at all, but just going on doing your work."

Jesse Collings, at one time a member of the British Ministry, and of the King's Privy Council, was the son of a Devonshire labourer. His life was one of strenuous toil, and it was not until his 83rd birthday that he announced his intention to retire from actual public service.

Born in rude and abject poverty, with no means of securing any education except what he gave himself, Abraham Lincoln, the most beloved figure of his time, rose to be President of the United States of America—yes, and something much more than that, a great and successful fighter in the noble cause of humanity. Schools gave Lincoln nothing, and society gave him nothing, but by using his resolute will to master difficulties he triumphed. Right through his brilliant career Lincoln showed the greatest admiration for the worker. In a note to Major Ramsay he wrote "My dear Sir, the lady bearer of this says she has two sons who want to work. Wanting to work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged."

One other example and this the most dazzling of them all. Born in the little island of Corsica on the 15th of August, 1769, Napoleon

Bonaparte, son of Charles Bonaparte, a Corsican lawyer, with no other advantage except his own indomitable will and a passionate love of work to help him, rose in a few years to be Emperor of France and Master of Europe. "Napoleon's greatness," says Dr. Holland Rose, "lies not only in the abiding importance of his best undertakings, but still more in the titanic force that he threw into the inception and accomplishment of all of them—a force which invests the storm-blasted monoliths strewn along the latter portion of his career with a majesty unapproachable by a tamer race of toilers. The verdict of mankind awards the highest distinction, not to prudent mediocrity that shuns the chance of failure and leaves no lasting mark behind, but to the eager soul that grandly dares, mightily achieves and holds the hearts of millions even amidst his ruin and theirs. Such a wonder worker was Napoleon. The man who bridled the Revolution and remoulded the life of France, who laid broad and deep the foundations of a new life in Italy, Switzerland and Germany, who rolled the West in on the East in the greatest movement known since the crusades and finally drew the yearning thoughts of myriads to that solitary rock in the South Atlantic, must ever stand in the very forefront of the immortals of human story."

. . . "The quality of untiring industry, laborious, self-initiated, self-guided, self-

improving industry. This burgher quality," Professor Sloane tells us, "Napoleon possessed as no burgher ever did. It was no exaggeration but the simple truth when he said to Roederer 'I am always working. I think much. If I appear always ready to meet every emergency, to confront every problem, it is because before undertaking any enterprise I have long considered it and have thus foreseen what could possibly occur. It is no genius which suddenly and secretly reveals to me what I have to do in some circumstances unforeseen by others; it is my own meditation and reflection. I am always working—when dining, when at the theatre; I waken at night in order to work.'"

Napoleon's early days, until he was well past the age of twenty-five, in fact, were one long struggle against adverse conditions. His studious habits while at school made him unpopular with his schoolfellows; at the military college in Paris he was treated with contempt by the aristocratic students whose indolence and extravagance contrasted markedly with his own efforts and he was also continually face to face with poverty. So great was his passion for knowledge that his mother assigned him a rough shed in the rear of their home as a refuge from the disturbing noise of the family. At the age of sixteen his income after paying for the bare necessities of living in very humble lodgings left about 35s. a month for clothes and pocket money on which to maintain the dignity of a

lieutenant in the French army. Fifteen years as lieutenant, fifteen as captain and for the rest of his life half-pay with a decoration—such was the prospect under ordinary conditions, ahead of him. At the age of 25 we are told “the lack of proper food emaciated his frame while uncertainty as to the future left its mark on his wan face and in his restless eyes. His personal and family affairs were apparently hopeless. His hostess described him as having ‘hair long and dishevelled; without gloves; wearing badly made clothes; having always a sickly appearance, which was the result of his lean and yellow complexion.’” Speaking at St. Helena of those days Napoleon himself said, “I lived in the streets of Paris without employment. I had no social habits.” We learn that in those early days of struggle all pleasures but those of hope were utterly banished from the plucky lives of Napoleon and his brother Louis. The elder pinched and scraped to pay the younger’s board; brushing his own clothes that they might last the longer, and supping often on dry bread. One single pleasure he allowed himself—the occasional purchase of some long-coveted volume from the shelves of a town bookseller.

But, to quote the Emperor’s own words, “great events ever depend upon a single hair. The adroit man profits by everything, neglects nothing.” His progress from this time on was dazzling and rapid. At the age of 27 he was

appointed commander in chief of the Army in Italy, at 30 he was elected First Consul, at 35 (less than ten years after that day when with hunger staring him in the face his position was described as hopeless) "seeing the crown of France in the mud" he placed it on his own head.

In telling these stories of success following hard work and determined effort I have deliberately selected only those in which men and women of humble origin won brilliant victories against seemingly overwhelming odds. I have left no loophole for saying this man had the advantage of great wealth or that man was helped by an expensive education.

The obstacles over which Helen Keller and her teacher triumphed are without parallel. Edmund Stone, Guiseppe Sarto, Joachim Murat, Thomas Edison, Donald Smith, Alfred H. Smith, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon Bonaparte were all men of lowly birth. They won success because they worked hard for it, because with a determination not to be denied they went in pursuit of knowledge and wisdom, because they one and all loathed and abominated inertia and drift, because when they saw that certain things could be done they did them. Brought face to face with the alternative of spending their last coin on food for the stomach or food for the brain not one of them hesitated to postpone the pleasure of eating.

If we keep these examples in front of us always, then when hope is slipping away and

the deadly poison of pessimism steals into our minds, the thought of Helen Keller and her patient teacher, of Abraham Lincoln adding to his store of knowledge by reading some borrowed volume in the dim light of his poorly furnished room, of Thomas Edison working in the trenches by day and sleeping on a pile of timber at night, of Guiseppe Sarto improving his mind whilst taking his father's donkey to graze, of Napoleon Bonaparte pinching and scraping to pay his own and his brother's board and still fighting with stubborn determination when his friends thought "all hope was lost," will give strength to our courage, new vitality to our energies and will send us forward again with firm and quickened steps.

If further stimulus is necessary to urge us on there is the picture of Edison's aged father sitting in the wizard's laboratory, silently watching his brilliant son at work with an expression of pride on his face that his boy, born in that wayside home in Ohio, had risen to lasting fame and brought such honour to the family name. There is another picture of Napoleon Bonaparte on the day that he was crowned Emperor of France in the presence of the Pope, and when from twenty thousand throats the cry went forth "Long Live Napoleon!" whispering to his brother Joseph "*If our father could see us now!*" These are the true rewards of honest, unwearying toil, and the thought of such compensations must stir

our pride, quicken the pulse and make us eager to be on the march.

In a letter of advice written to his brother Jerome on one occasion Napoleon said, "You are a King and brother to an Emperor—absurd qualifications in war time. You should be a soldier and then again a soldier." That advice is as good to-day as it was a hundred years ago. If we desire to succeed we must be toilers, and once more toilers and then again toilers.

Until success is finally won, all our time, all our energies, all our spare money should be employed not in idle pleasures, but in gathering the strength that greater knowledge gives. We must be ready to meet handicaps, disappointments and reverses with a cheerful spirit, never for a moment losing faith in ultimate triumph. With iron will, unquenchable enthusiasm, and animated spirit we must fight on, challenging and overcoming every lion in the path, always remembering that patient, steady, tireless work is certain, sooner or later, to secure adequate recognition.

There is no secret of success. From the beginning of the world the formula has been known to all—"hard work." William Turner when asked the secret of his success said "I have no secret but hard work." Questioned to what he attributed his success Alfred H. Smith replied "hard work." Thomas Edison's reply to the same query was "hard work, based on hard thinking." Napoleon III. said on one

occasion : " One can master fate by work and force the future to obey one if that work is performed in an intelligent manner." " The great secret of life," said Cecil Rhodes, " is work."

A year or so ago Clara Barton was asked what was the secret of her long life and how she accomplished so much in ninety years. Her reply was " I work." " Yes, I know," continued her interrogator, " but what do you do for recreation " ? " I work " came the answer again. When in America two years ago Sarah Bernhardt was asked the secret of her power. " I work " was the answer given by the great actress. " But your beauty ! And you are near seventy." " Oh no ! I shall be only sixty-eight in October. Someone has reported that I shall be sixty-nine, but it is not true. I shall have done much in that year. A year is an opportunity for much work. I work because it is the only thing that makes life worth living. And I work to keep my beauty. The brain and the heart must be satisfied if a human being would be happy. You must have something to show for the day, the hour, if you have satisfaction. And only work gives results."

" But the man has genius," or " he was born under a lucky star," you will hear people say. Paderewski, Melba, Caruso, Bernhardt are called geniuses and often envied because of the apparent ease with which they earn huge

salaries. The truth is that genius is one of the direct results of hard work, and these famous artistes won their success just as Abraham Lincoln, Helen Keller, Cecil Rhodes and all the others won theirs, by unceasing toil and cheerful sacrifices.

"When I hear a young man spoken of as giving promise of high genius," says Ruskin, "the first question I ask about him is always 'does he work?'"

Edison, too, has always been strongly opposed to the idea that great success is attributed to genius. "Genius," he claims, "is one per cent. inspiration, and ninety-nine per cent. perspiration." I tell you genius is hard work, stick-to-it-iveness and common-sense.

De Maupassant has told us of his conviction that such effort as he gave to the attainment of literary skill would have assured success in any field.

Look where we will in the life-stories of successful men we find that one and all were prodigies of industry. Erasmus contracted early in life habits of application which clung to him so persistently that even on his journeys he could not be idle. His celebrated "Praise of Folly" was composed on a journey from Italy to England.

Michelangelo painted the entire ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with his own hands. More than that he constructed the scaffolding on which he worked.

It is recorded that many years ago one of the two great English Universities wished to confer a degree upon Edison, but he was unable to leave his work for the brief time necessary to accept the honour. It was pointed out to him that he should make every possible sacrifice to go, that the compliment was great and that few Americans had been so recognised. It was hopeless—an appeal based on sentiment was the view he took of it. Before him was something real—work to be accomplished—a problem to be solved. Beyond was a prize as intangible as the Button of the Legion of Honour, which he concealed from his friends that they might not feel that he was “showing off.”

When Cecil Rhodes took office as Prime Minister of Cape Colony, the chief manager of the Government Bank, following the usual custom, called on the new Premier. He found Rhodes hard at work in his shirt-sleeves and the Prime Minister's greeting was, “If you think I am going to put on my coat for you, you are mistaken.” Sir Lewis Michell, in telling this story, says: “Hard work was Rhodes' creed. The brilliant trifler, the elegant loungeur was his abomination.”

It is in examples like these that we find the proof, if proof be necessary, that the only key to success is hard work.

In toil we can find relief from nearly all troubles, the exit from difficulties, the safe-

guard against premature rust. The man who has work to do finds in it peace of mind, release from worries, freedom from the temptations that bring discontent into the lives of the slothful.

One of man's greatest and most malignant enemies is loneliness; but the man who has work to do does not know the meaning of the word. "The farmer," says Thoreau, "can work alone in the fields or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone, at the mercy of his thoughts, but must be where he can see the folks and recreate and, as he thinks, remunerate himself for his day's solitude. He wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui, for he does not realise that the student, though in the house is still at work in *his* fields and chopping in *his* woods."

Gladstone, on one occasion, said: "Happy is the man well employed; miserable, in my opinion, is the idle man."

Whether or not it is necessary as a source of income, if we value our own happiness and peace of mind we should find some useful employment to keep our time occupied.

In all the ages idleness has been the curse of nations. Idleness is corrosive in its effect on human energies, its influence is retrogressive, its end decay. Once it is permitted to take a

firm grip of young manhood it is more devastating in its evil influences than the plague.

We must labour diligently to overcome failure. It is hard and monotonous going for the first few miles, but once the initial obstacles have been negotiated and left behind the task becomes easier, and the inclination to press on and do a man's work gains new strength. The knowledge that we are making real headway in some useful direction, are contributing in a measure, great or small, to the march of progress, provides sufficient incentive to redouble our efforts; the pride attached to "something attempted, something done," imparts a new relish to our labour and a keen appetite for further conquests and success-crowned efforts. The hardest task of all is that of schooling ourselves to a belief that we can do certain things if we will only attempt them, of ridding ourselves of the fear that our endeavours may misfire. The first small success gives confidence and courage, a feeling that we are moving upward, that we are gathering some of the victor's fruits. From that time on we see the light, recognise that we have a real chance and, as one by one, we climb the rungs of the ladder the resolve to reach the top grows into an overmastering desire that gives wings to our enterprise and laughs away all misgivings.

In Art, in Literature, in Science, in Commerce the rewards to-day for keen, enthusiastic toilers, whilst not yet as great as they should be

or will be, are decidedly better than in the past. The world paid Homer for his *Iliad*, and Dante for his *Paradise*, with bitter words. The man who discovered the telescope and first saw Heaven was put in a dungeon, the man who discovered the microscope was allowed to die of starvation, and knowing these things Ruskin concluded that "God means all thoroughly good work to be done for nothing."

It would be just as logical to argue that because Joan of Arc was cruelly murdered, because Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, the Almighty means all noble work to be repaid with martyrdom.

But Ruskin did not always hold that view. At another stage of his life he recognised that by conforming more to God's laws and less to man's laws "there will come a time for better payment. . . . we shall pay people not quite so much for talking and doing nothing, as for holding their tongues and doing something ; we shall pay our ploughmen a little more and our lawyers a little less, and so on."

Read much, travel far, broaden your knowledge. To know something about everything is good ; to know everything about some one thing is better. We live in an age of specialists, and the man who can render a better service in some one field of labour than his neighbours is the man in demand to-day. Henry Ford recently said : " I'll guarantee to take any man I find on the street with the usual modicum of

human intelligence and make a specialist of him within a month. We want specialists. I'll take a man who does not know anything about making a coin and will instruct him how to make one side of it. I will let him do nothing else, but will pay him well for doing this one thing just a little better than the other fellow. There, you see, I have evolved the expert. Perhaps this man suggests that he could make both sides of the coin if he had the opportunity. Well, he'll get it. A man's ability is measured only by his application and native intelligence."

If we go about our work with honesty of purpose, set determination, unhesitating step and loyalty of heart, no matter how great the obstacles may appear to be when viewed from a distance, we can if we will surmount them.

"Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
What me to do behoves, what thou command'st me to;
Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit
And when I do it, grant me good success in it."

As the troops of a soldier-king were moving forward to battle his majesty heard, borne on the winds amid their field music, the words of the soldiers' Church hymn quoted above. When asked "Shall we order that to cease? your majesty," the king replied, "By no means" and after a moment—"with men like these don't you think I shall have victory this day?"

If we approach our work in that same spirit, always optimistic, always sure of victory, always

determined to conquer, we must succeed. If we keep the task to be accomplished ever before us, look not to right nor left for difficulties, do not be everlastingly anticipating failure, keep our eyes off the clock and work steadily on without thought of the fee, remembering always that the reward will follow automatically, then all will indeed be well.

We must not allow the mind to be diverted from its purpose by grievances either real or imaginary. We shall meet injustice at times, as all do. The treatment meted out to us will not always be as generous as we desire, but we must not, on that account, lose heart, must not brood over our troubles, but keep right on the journey with steady gait.

Cecil Rhodes was a servant of his Queen—a loyal, devoted, big-hearted and faithful servant who worked without thought of either fee or reward. When the Empire builder was at Windsor on one occasion Queen Victoria asked him what he was doing in South Africa. His characteristic reply was "Extending your Majesty's dominions, madam." That question "What are you doing?" may meet us any moment, and we must be ready with our answer, an answer which, if we are on the right course, will tell of good work ahead as well as behind.

Just as it is a duty not to let failure discourage us from continued effort, so it is a duty not to let success blind us to the fact that no matter how much good work we may have accomplished

there is still plenty more to do. Satisfaction means stagnation.

The tomb of Erasmus, in Basel, is marked by a stone slab on which is an epitaph, an effigy and then the pathetic word "Terminus." Every day you meet men and women, yes young men and women, too, who because they have applied the brake to their ambitions, because a feeling of satisfaction has taken possession of them, have written that word "Terminus" to their careers.

Some years ago foolish friends of Edison's, failing to recognise how much his work meant to him, tried to persuade the inventor to add that word "Terminus" to his splendid record. The reply was: "I already have a schedule worked out. From now until I am seventy-five years of age I expect to keep more or less busy with my regular work. At seventy-five I expect to wear loud waistcoats with fancy buttons; also gaiter tops; at eighty I expect to learn how to play bridge and talk foolishly to ladies. At eighty-five I expect to wear a full dress suit every evening at dinner, and at ninety—well, I never plan more than thirty years ahead."

Napoleon, even in the darkest hour of his life, did not lose his great love of work. At St. Helena the exiled Emperor said: "Labour is my element. I have found the limit of my strength in eye and limb; I have never found the limit of my capacity for work."

Joseph Chamberlain continued his great work for the city in which he lived, his country and the Empire he loved so well until after his seventieth year, and until quite near the end was buoyed up by the belief that he would one day return to the parliamentary arena and there continue his great work.

The end of life is the appointed time to cease from toil, to lay down tools, to write the word "Terminus." Life, even if it runs to the allotted span of three score years and ten is not long enough to enable us to accomplish all we would, and when in the sunset days we stand on the threshold of a new life each in turn will say, as Cecil Rhodes said, "So little done, so much to do."

CHAPTER II.

THE MIGHTY MINUTES.

"It is right that those who hesitate should recognise this—that each faltering man, each minute lost, represents the loss of an inch of British dominion, of a morsel of world liberty."—M. HANOTAUX.

"Do not squander Time, for that's the stuff life is made of."—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"Time is often said to be money, but it is more—it is life; and yet many who would cling desperately to life, think nothing of wasting time."—LORD AVEBURY.

"It is astonishing that anyone can squander away in absolute idleness one single moment of that small portion of time which is allotted to us in the world. . . . Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it."—LORD CHESTERFIELD (Letters to his son).

"Hours have wings, fly up to the author of time and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The misspent of every minute are a new record against us in heaven. Sure if we thought thus, we should dismiss them with better reports and not suffer them to fly away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence."—MILTON.

EQUALITY ! Give us equality. Readjust the existing order of things so that henceforth all men will be equal. Give us equal rights, equal privileges, equal opportunities. That is the basis on which the general formula of communism and socialism is built.

The law of equality is as old as the world itself, for in the very beginning of things there

were certainly no class distinctions. In the laws of God and the laws of Nature there has always been perfect equality. It is only in man-made laws that inequalities arise.

You frequently hear people say that "So-and-so was born with a golden spoon in his mouth," meaning that he was born with the advantage of wealth. The truth which we will do well to recognise is that with rare exceptions all men are rich at birth.

In the important matter of Time the Almighty has willed it (and has so ordered things that in this one respect man's inborn love for upsetting Divine decrees has astonishingly little power) that all men shall be equal. Had man been given a voice in regulating the length of life his peculiar knack of making a mess of pretty nearly everything he touches would long ago have resulted in the curtailment of the lives of many useful people and an extension of lease to the privileged few with money to pay for it, but little inclination to use it wisely.

Money can buy most things—honours, titles, exclusive privileges, land ownership and very many other things which should not be but are influenced by mere monetary considerations, but it cannot purchase a minute of time. That law at any rate will last as long as the world lasts, and cannot be upset even by the combined efforts of the lawyer-politicians.

What does it matter to you or I that the son of an Astor or a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild has

an income of millions of dollars or pounds sterling settled on him at birth, that the son of a king is born heir to a throne, that the son of a duke will in his turn be a duke, too? Are these men better favoured in the matter of Time? Are there more than twenty-four hours in each of their days, more than sixty minutes in each of the hours they live? How much would that dying millionaire pay for a year out of your life? The sum he would so willingly part with if the exchange could be effected, represents the value of each year you live.

From birth to death your income is what mine is—twenty-four golden hours per day every day in the year. In that respect we have been placed on the same footing as the Czar of Russia. Andrew Carnegie, rich as he is, has not enough money to buy one of those precious minutes from us for the purpose of increasing his own opportunities, adding to his pleasures or lengthening his span of life. Surely this is equality in the most useful meaning of the word.

If Vincent Astor chances to lose one of his many millions, Time—for he is a young man—will give him many opportunities to recover it, but let him waste one hour and his entire fortune will be powerless to bring it back again.

In the matter of minutes we were born rich. If we make good use of our wealth, exercise a

wise economy in the spending of the valuable hours, put each and every day to some good use, we shall reap as full a share of success as is worth having.

You remember that tragic note in Sir Ian Hamilton's Gallipoli dispatch:—"The one fatal error was inertia, and inertia prevailed. . . strong, clear leadership had not been promptly enough applied. . . At Helles that ardour which only dashed itself to pieces against the enemy on August 6th would, *a month earlier*, have achieved notable success. . . Major-General Hammersley said it was *too late* to get out orders for a night attack. . . Had the whole division started at 10 p.m. on the 8th instead of at 4 a.m. on the 9th it would have made good at the heights in front of it; but we were *forestalled and failed*." The italics are mine. A grim story of failure resulting from the loss of mighty minutes. We have it on the authority of Nelson that "Time is everything; five minutes make the difference between a victory and a defeat." Napoleon and Wellington expressed opinions in almost identical terms; but a hundred years later the British Generals at Gallipoli made their attack a *month too late*.

When in the fulness of time the historian deals with Great Britain's efforts during the first eighteen months of this war he will probably say we had two great reserves to draw upon, viz., Time and Strength, and that British

leaders, lacking the necessary energy and failing to recognise in the arch-thief Procrastination a greater enemy than the Kaiser's legions, squandered men, money and minutes—the mighty minutes which properly used would have hastened victory—with reckless and indefensible prodigality. He will say that being fully satisfied that time was on our side we refused to recognise its potentialities, that being rich in minutes, men and money, we misused our strength, impoverished our resources, and became the spendthrifts of our own great opportunities. He will say that instead of pushing forward with celerity and getting on with the business of the war, instead of devoting all our energies to a speedy and efficient organisation of the man-power and the money-power of the nation, we adopted a policy of “wait and see,” tarried by the way, dawdled when electric rapidity was of vital importance, were too late with our decisions and in the all-important hours when vigour, resoluteness, tenacity of purpose and lightning decisions would have been worth more to us than army corps, wavered like an ass between two bundles of hay, vacillated, adopted half measures, paused when delays meant defeats and by permitting “I dare not” to wait upon “I would,” allowed our own strength to run to waste like water through a sieve.

The whole difference between success and failure in modern warfare, as in modern business,

is very often a mere matter of whether we act to-day or postpone till that ever-elusive to-morrow, whether we do things or merely dream things, whether we plan and act or talk and carry the decisions forward. Do you remember those lines—

“ Lose this day loitering—’twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory ;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o’er lost days.
Are you in earnest ? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Courage has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed.”

Napoleon’s brief campaign of Rivoli moulded European history for two decades. Chroniclers dwell upon those few moments at St. Mark and the plateau of Rivoli, wondering what the result would have been *if the Austrian corps had arrived five minutes sooner—if !* The critic of the future will have many “ ifs ” to apply to Britain’s decisions in the period from August, 1914, to December 31, 1915—*if* we had had compulsory service sooner—*if* cotton had been made contraband earlier—*if* we had recognised the need for more munitions and bigger guns in 1914 instead of 1915—*if* we had dispatched assistance to Serbia sooner. What a host of “ might-have-beens ” he will have to deal with !

Most of Napoleon’s early triumphs were unquestionably due to the value he placed on

the minutes. Over and over again in the study of his wonderful, if meteoric career, evidence is furnished tending to show that time was the thing he prized above all else. More than any other man of his or any other period in history did he grasp the fact that every minute was a mighty force for good in empire-building. For every stage and state of life he had a routine from which he deviated most unwillingly. His days, particularly in those early years when he journeyed from triumph to triumph with a rapidity that amazed, dumbfounded and startled his slow and lethargic enemies, were spent in the careful husbanding of every hour. He did not gamble in adventures of the Dardanelles type, but by striking heavy blows at the very heart of the enemy's positions before and never after they were expected, made victory certain. Only on the rare occasions when there was some object to be gained by remaining longer did he take more than twenty minutes over his dinner, and when a big problem engaged his attention his habit was to eat little and rapidly. By seven in the evening he was asleep. At one in the morning he arose, entered the State apartment where the secretaries were already at work, found all the reports from the divisions ready at his hand, and then dictated his orders and dispatches for the coming day. It is said that he often simultaneously directed in alternate sentences two different letters, so that two secretaries were busy at the same time.

“Go, sir,” was the Emperor’s command on one occasion. “Gallop, and don’t forget that the world was made in six days. You can ask me for anything you like except Time.”

Time, time, time—there we have the secret of Napoleon’s brilliant and unexampled victories and the fundamental basis on which all the Napoleonic successes were built, and so long as he followed his own maxims and used the minutes well, he was master of all other things—wealth, honours, kingdoms.

Here is the Emperor’s own account of the battle of Montebello: “I ordered Kellerman to attack with 800 horse, and with these he separated the 16,000 Hungarian Grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. The cavalry was half a league off and *required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed that it is always those quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle.*”

During the Italian campaign when the Piedmontese envoys made overtures to General Bonaparte for an armistice the French commander replied: “Gentlemen, I warn you that a general attack is ordered for two o’clock, and if I am not assured that Coni will be in my hands before nightfall the attack will not be postponed for a moment. It may happen to me to lose battles, but *no one shall ever see me lose minutes*, either by over-confidence or sloth.”

The time did come, however, when Napoleon was seen to lose the once cherished minutes, and because he failed to follow his own great teachings Waterloo ended his career. By losing minutes he lost all.

In "Napoleon: The last phase," Lord Rosebery says : " On his (*Napoleon's*) arrival at the scene of war his vigilant vitality once super-human, had forsaken him. He, formerly so keen for exact news of the enemy, seemed scarcely to care, to know or inquire about the movements of the Allied armies. He, once so electrically rapid, had ceased to value time. His celerity of movement had been the essence of his earlier victories. But on the morning of Ligny, and on the succeeding day, he lost many precious hours—and so perhaps the campaign."

The Duke of Wellington attributed his success to " always being a quarter of an hour before he was expected." In a letter written by a Mahratta chief to a friend during the Mahratta campaign the writer said : " The English are a strange people and their General (Wellington) an extraordinary man. They arrive here in the morning, examine the walls, carry them, have killed all the garrison in the place and have now gone back to breakfast. Who can resist such men as these ? " Who, indeed !

Do you remember that explanation of " Service " given by the pastor in Ruskin's

“Ulric, the farm servant”:—“All men receive from God two talents, time and strength; of these they must give an account and their life in this world and the next depends upon the use they make of them.” No mention of money at all, but just time and strength.

What are we doing with our two talents? — that is one of the big questions we should keep constantly before us. Are we using the priceless minutes for work or idleness? Are we devoting the days to the improvement of our opportunities or frittering them away on foolish pursuits?

As in the case of the Gallipoli campaign so in practically every “Too late” tragedy the world has known the main cause is the very regrettable habit of putting things forward, letting the opportunities of the hour slip away in the belief that the future will contain many more hours and chances that will serve the occasion equally well.

Not until years have been squandered do many of us recognise the truth of Southey’s words: “The first twenty years are the longest half of your life,” and so those early days “when youth and blood are warm” are used in a profitless way. Sooner or later however, the time does come when we realise how true it is that one to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Gambetta, in a letter to his father, said :
“ I shall not forget your wise advice to use to-day as if it were to-morrow.” Similarly Baxter recognised the value of to-day when, in referring to one of his sermons, he said :—

“ I preached as never sure to preach again
And as a dying man to dying men.”

The dividing line 'twixt success and failure in a man's life is very often just a matter of whether he lives a life of to-days or a life of to-morrows—whether he does or does not act in the belief that the opportunities of to-day are in the minutes of to-day.

How often have we, in our own experience, heard people say “ I will attend to it to-morrow.” By what right do we take it for granted that there will be a to-morrow ? Congreve warned us :

“ Defer not till to-morrow to be wise
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.”

Benjamin Franklin sounded a similar note when he wrote : “ Since thou art not sure of a minute throw not away an hour.”

Again is it a sound policy to burden some other day with work other than each day provides ? To-morrow will bring its own round of duties, its own obligations, its own full measure of toil. Postponing work is much the same as postponing debts for payment out of future earnings. The truth is that

“ to-morrow decisions ” lead to the abandonment of many of the functions allotted to us.

“ To-morrow you'll reform, you always cry ;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That it is so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far-fetched this morrow that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I'll reform, the fool does say ;
 To-day itself's too late—the wise did yesterday.”

The man who puts a thing off once will put it off a second time, and will go on putting it off over and over again. By degrees he gets a troublesome accumulation of “ held-overs,” then muddle ensues and the days have nothing but emptiness to show as their record.

“ By universal consent,” says Dr. H. Smith Williams, “ the all-important time is now. Yet this truism, like many other equally obvious ones, is exceedingly hard to act upon. Contemplative minds are ever prone to build their plans to-day, but to put off action till that ever-elusive to-morrow. Meanwhile the arch-thief Procrastination steals the years ; and the visionary who lacks nothing but the initial energy to start, finds himself a middle-aged and then an old man, with his work not accomplished, perhaps not even begun. For it is Father Time's paradoxical jest that though to-morrow never comes, yet the years roll swiftly on. No skill can retard their flowing ; no power can retard as much as one unit hour.

No genius can utilise any moment but the present one. To postpone is not to accomplish."

One "will do" is worth a thousand "going to dos." The man who really does things makes far greater progress than the man who merely dreams things. The wise improvement of the small opportunities of to-day is a whole lot better than promises to make good use of the chances supposed to be coming our way later on.

On the use we make of some one minute, on our ability to resist drift and inertia, may depend the whole success or otherwise of our schemes.

There is a story of Colonel Rahl, the Hessian Commander, who was too busy at the card table to attend to a messenger bearing a letter which stated that Washington was crossing the Delaware. When the game was finished he read the dispatch and then only had time to rally his men in a forlorn hope.

Young folk are often counselled to save their money, to take care of the pennies, to practise economy and so on, but care of the minutes is just as important. Each day is a little life, and should therefore be lived as if it were our whole life.

Late rising is responsible for much valuable time wasted. Rise early and prepare for the day by taking a long walk across the fields. The early morning walk helps to clear the mind, invigorate the body and make the brain more

active, and the man who starts that way is better fitted to handle the problems of the working hours, less liable to postpone. Get the work-before-breakfast habit. It is the fruitful period for brilliant ideas and inspirations. It was in the early morning that Columbus planned that epoch-making voyage to America. Sir Walter Scott used to say that by breakfast time the bulk of his day's work was finished.

By employing the early morning hours usefully, we feel stronger physically, clearer in mind. The knowledge that we have used our time to advantage sends us about the day's business with the feeling that we have something in hand and the determination to exact the utmost from every opportunity that comes along.

Prepare the plans for each day so that there will be a minimum of waste. Get the habit of sticking at it and keep busy all the time. Idleness is a dangerous enemy, ever ready with its alluring temptations and its dangerous smiles.

"There is a Turkish proverb," Lord Avebury tells us, "that the Devil tempts the busy man, but the idle man tempts the Devil." "I remember," says Hillard, "a satirical poem, in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idlers were the easiest victims for they swallowed even the naked hook."

So careful was the elder Pliny of his time

and so greedy of knowledge that on one occasion when somebody made his reader repeat a word which had been wrongly used Pliny asked his friend if he understood it, and receiving a reply that he did remonstrated with him for the loss of ten lines caused by the interruption. In the summer we are told his whole time was devoted to study, excepting only while he was actually in the bath, for while he was being rubbed he was employed either in hearing some book read or dictating himself. At noon he would rest in the sun, during which time some author was read to him from whom he made extracts and observations.

There is disciplinary value in being punctual in everything we do, in keeping appointments to the minute, and even if wisdom has not taught us to value our own time common courtesy and consideration for others should at least have taught us that we are not entitled to waste other people's time.

It is surprising how few men have developed the habit of punctuality. Promises are made, recklessly undertaking to deliver certain goods or to finish certain work, and lightly forgotten, causing annoyance to good customers, losing business and wasting the time of everyone concerned. Letters left to the last minute often mean the loss of a whole day, because a particular mail is missed.

In discussing business problems the talk should be kept to the points actually at issue

and the decisive moment reached by the shortest possible route. It is amazing how many really able business men waste half-an-hour or more dealing with questions that could and should be settled in five minutes.

In a certain building in New York a dozen men, all millionaires, representing huge financial interests, meet every day to discuss important matters in which they are jointly interested. These men can borrow millions of money whenever they need it, but they cannot get the loan of a single minute of time beyond the share allotted to them. It is because they know this so well that the noon hour, so often employed in profitless idleness by other men, is utilised by them for business conferences. For the discussion of each question a certain time is allowed, and when that time expires the matter is voted on and the decision reached is irrevocable. Purchases involving millions of capital are frequently decided upon at these mid-day conferences.

You will remember that when Philip of Macedon sneeringly asked Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, how his father found time to compose his odes and tragedies, the reply was "He composed them in those hours that you and I consume in drinking and play."

The point I want to emphasise very clearly here is that however careful we are in the matter of time, however miserly in the

expenditure of the minutes, however usefully we employ our days, sooner or later we realise that life is all too short for big accomplishments. And when we reach that stage we regret every minute spent idly or in pursuit of will 'o the wisp pleasures. It is regret of this kind that so often wrings from our lips the saying "If I could only have my time over again."

"There is," says Oppenheim, "but one life, one measure of days that you or I know anything of. It doesn't last very long. The months and years have a knack of slipping away emptily enough unless we are always standing to attention. Therefore, I think, it becomes our duty to consider very carefully, almost religiously, how best to use them."

With singular unanimity all the great writers of to-day and earlier days agree that in the husbanding of time it is impossible to exercise too much caution.

Someone has said :—

"Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth ;
And what its worth, ask Death Beds—they can tell."

As Henry IV. of France lay dangerously ill he said to his minister Sully, "My friend, I have no fear of death ; you have seen me brave it in a thousand instances ; but I regret losing my life before I have been able, by governing my subjects well and alleviating all their burthens, to demonstrate that I love them as my children."

Almost the last words uttered by Cecil Rhodes on his death-bed were "So little done, so much to do."

Questioned on one occasion as to whether he did not feel a sense of regret in being obliged to leave so many things uncompleted, Edison replied "What's the use ; one lifetime is too short."

"So much to do that is not e'en begun,
So much to hope for that we cannot see,
So much to win, so many things to be."*

If these men, giants of intellect, energy and determination, found life too brief for their tasks, be sure that our time too will be insufficient for what we have to do, that the actual results will, in the long run, fall short of our programme, that in the attempt to carry out those projects that useful citizenship demands from us, we shall find that the days are slipping away much faster than we anticipated. Therefore, it is our clearly defined duty to eliminate the waste element in the early days when our reserve of strength makes the greater tasks easier to carry through.

What is there that youth cannot accomplish if only it will make the effort ? Use Time to full advantage and great success will come in the days when it is best worth winning. Alexander the Great, Augustus Cæsar and Napoleon did not accomplish as much as they desired, but the first by his own efforts became Dictator

* W. Morris.

of Greece before he was twenty and master of the world before he was thirty; the second ruled half the known world at twenty-two and all of it a decade later, whilst at thirty Napoleon had behind him a record of unequalled conquests and was supreme arbiter of the destinies of France, if not, indeed, of all continental Europe.

The time to act then is now, the time to get busy at once. It is not a question of how young or how old we are. Time that is lost cannot be recovered and it will serve no good purpose to spend valuable minutes in idle regrets. The important thing is to stop the waste to-day. Employ such time as is left to better advantage and by a more profitable use of the coming years do something to obliterate the memory of the earlier errors.

Turn Procrastination out of doors and put determination behind the new resolutions.

In the life and work of Edison, the great inventor, there are many stirring examples of time well used and a study of the wizard's great record makes exhilarating reading, gives fresh encouragement and helps one to win success, as he so often won it, from the most trying conditions.

I like that story in which we are told that when quite a youth Edison arrived home one day at 4 a.m. with a complete set of Faraday's works. He read steadily till breakfast and then remarked enthusiastically "I have got so much to do and life is so short, I am going to hustle."

And thereupon he started on a run for breakfast.

Later on the wizard inventor is seen saving time by putting on a night force in his workshop and acting as his own foreman on both shifts. Half-an-hour of sleep three or four times in the twenty-four hours was all the rest he took in those days and he worked, we are told, "with the fierce eruption and energy of a great volcano, throwing out new ideas incessantly." It has always been a theory with Edison that men waste too much time in sleep.

During his period of research on nickel, etc., Edison made the following notes:—"Owing to the enormous power of the light my eyes commenced to pain after seven hours work." On the next day he wrote: "Suffered the pains of hell with my eyes last night from 10 p.m. till 4 a.m., when got to sleep with a big dose of morphine. Eyes getting better, but I lose to-day."

The note of pathos in those words "I lose to-day" should act as a tonic on the mind of the reader and spur all men to greater efforts in their struggle to achieve success.

By making the right use of our time we can make progress twice as fast as the man who squanders minutes in over-sleeping, over-eating and other equally unprofitable occupations.

It is not at all uncommon to find men who spend three hours more each day than is

actually necessary in sleep, an hour or more too much in consuming food which serves no other purpose than that of satisfying a gluttonous appetite, two or three hours more in diversions that yield no profit and very little, if any, pleasure, thus reducing the time put to really good use to about seven or eight out of the twenty-four.

One of the peculiarities of this progressive age is that whilst it is difficult to find men who show by their activities that they appreciate time at its proper worth, there is a continually growing demand for time-saving devices. The aim of nearly every inventor is to satisfy the ever-growing call for time and labour-saving machines.

If some great Atlantic liner completes the distance between New York and Liverpool in thirty minutes less time than the "record" it is welcomed as a mighty achievement and the news flashed to the four corners of the earth. And yet how few men there are who do not waste an average of more than thirty minutes every day in the year. Except, then, for the purpose of making idle boasts these machine-made savings have little or no importance. Apparently we learn nothing from them.

The steamship, the railroad, the telephone, the electric telegraph, the wireless telegraph, the automobile, the airship, the aeroplane are all direct results of man's determination to make a 24-hour day capable of greater accomplishment.

Eighteen-hour trains from New York to Chicago, five-day ocean journeys from Liverpool to New York, eight-hour trains from London to Glasgow, all bear testimony to man's desire to be aided by time-saving machines.

Collectively, then, we show a keen anxiety to save time—individually the tendency is to waste it.

In these days of keen business competition and mammoth commercial undertakings, time is undoubtedly the important factor, the measure by which success is invariably determined, the one great asset which is part of every man's birthright and in the ownership of which all men are splendidly equal. By some master stroke of genius carried through at exactly the right time, fearlessly and without the loss of a single minute captains of industry win victories as far-reaching in their importance as the triumphs of great military commanders on the field of battle. To these men the minutes of life are the opportunities of life and the sixtieth part of one of them is not to be despised.

The piling up of great wealth should not be regarded as the highest aim to which men can devote their lives and the alluring game of dollar-hunting is not the only object to keep in view. On the contrary, it is my belief that men who devote so much of their early life to money-making that in their latter years they are unable to find any pleasure in the temples

of Nature, or Art, in books, in travel, in the song of the bird, in the beauty of flowers, in the laughter of children, make a sad mis-use of their time and waste it just as surely as do the men who are incorrigible idlers.

If we are truly wise we shall see that our horizon is not bounded by the multiplication table, we shall not restrict our studies to the art of making money, or our reading to the *Financial Times*; the minutes will not be measured entirely by their cash value, and we shall recognise that financial victories are not the only triumphs worth winning. There are many other things worth having besides money, three worth noting being friends, health, happiness.

Time spent solely in building up a big bank balance will not in the long run give all the results expected. The hours devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, to the companionship of books, to such exercise as promotes bodily health and brain development, to the study of art, literature, music, to the effort to penetrate Nature's secrets, to the endeavour to bring some joy into the lives of our fellow-men and women, and to the many other useful ways so easily within our reach give rewards that are well worth winning and which in the closing years of life bring welcome happiness.

The man who so orders his life that in his declining years his one claim to recognition is that he succeeded in the world of finance, his

one topic of interest a never-ending procession of figures, his one possession a hoard of gold, will pass out of the world as ignorant of life's real joys as when he entered it. As with seared mind and tortured soul he draws near to the frontier line of the great land of shadows the knowledge will come to him that there were other victories better worth winning, that the money he toiled for and schemed for in his early days cannot command either friendships or happiness, that the palace is not, after all, a much better place in which to live or die than the cottage, and to his troubled mind will come the disturbing thought that somewhere or somehow errors crept into his scheme of life, that at some critical period his judgment proved faulty and that the friends he relied on to bring him pleasures were after all only grim, silent, mocking phantoms.

In the loneliness of old age he will realise that much better use could have been made of his time had he listened to the voice of reason and the warnings of his better self.

CHAPTER III.

PERSEVERANCE.

"I think it rather fine, this necessity for the tense bracing of the will before anything worth doing can be done. I rather like it myself. I feel it to be the chief thing that differentiates me from the cat by the fire."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Whenever by theory, analogy and calculation I have satisfied myself that a thing is impossible, I am then sure that I am on the verge of a discovery."—THOMAS EDISON.

"What is the use of going right over the old track again? You must make tracks into the unknown. . . . We hug the earth—how rarely we mount. Methinks we might elevate ourselves a little more. We might climb a tree at least."—THOREAU.

*"And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."*

—HAMLET. Act iii. Sc. i.

It takes all kind of people to make up a nation. So far as the war with Germany is concerned, however, the big majority of Britishers are of one mind. We have nailed our colours to the mast and are determined to fight on until the enemy is beaten, until he knows and admits that he is beaten, and until his world conquest schemes are completely shattered. We know that the cost will be tremendously heavy, that until peace returns, sacrifice, loftiness of purpose and self-denial

must rule all our actions, that the time will be long and at times wearisome ; but if we cannot with any degree of certainty say when the end will come we can at least say how it will come. With iron resolution, unfaltering faith in the great cause for which we are fighting, tenacity of purpose, and unconquerable will we shall struggle on unceasingly, shall continue to rain sledge-hammer blows on the Prussian military machine until first it weakens, then bends, breaks and finally falls to pieces, shattered beyond repair, and with it the hopes and aims of the men who created it. We shall plod on and we shall not tire until the knock-out blow is administered. Britishers have earned a world-wide reputation for bull-dog courage and now, as never before, we will not flinch from whatever sacrifices may be necessary to live up to it, will demonstrate to the world of lookers-on that we possess the quality to a degree which leaves the most liberal estimates of friends and foes hopelessly short of the mark.

In a nation of strong men, however, there must be exceptions to the general rule. Two and a quarter years of war have produced a small crop—surprisingly small when one considers all the circumstances—of pessimists, waverers and timid-minded souls who are vastly more interested in the questions “When will the war end” and “How are things going” than they are in the means by which the only

acceptable end can be hastened. The injunction to "carry on" is a message and at the same time a warning to the half-hearted few whose impatience, lack of firmness and perseverance are influencing them in favour of a compromise and a patched-up peace.

These are the men who, in the every-day affairs of life, lack stamina and grit, are minus the great qualities of perseverance, patience and thoroughness, the men who in the past were responsible for very many of Britain's blunders and who, if allowed to increase and multiply, would send us all tobogganning down the hill that ends in disaster. They are of the type who quickly tire, who slacken the pace at the wrong moment, who blow hot one minute and cold the next and who dilly-dally in situations demanding lightning decisions. They do their share of the flag-waving at the beginning, are optimistic, eagerly anxious to make good, ambitious and enthusiastic enough for a time, but not sufficiently energetic. With head erect they move forward at a steady gait which gives promise of good results, but by-and-by difficulties, hardships and failures are encountered and then the cold spell sets in, producing weariness of mind and limb, doubt, pessimism. They have no staying power, no firmness of character. Their chameleon moods oscillate between the extremes of exultation and dejection, and when the wheel of fortune turns against them their irresolution and

proneness to lose heart lead to a retirement from the field of action. These are the men who believe, or profess to believe, that half a loaf is better than no bread. It is a belief that fits their desire for compromise and removes any lingering doubts as to whether or no they should go forward. They see a sapling lying across the road and say further progress is barred to them, but another passing that same way uses the obstacle as an aid to reach the higher levels ahead.

Never before have we had a better lesson in the value of perseverance than that provided by this war—better proof of the fact that the man who sticks to his guns, who gathers momentum as he goes, who ignores reverses and laughs at difficulties, who meets increasing demands on his strength by increasing vigour is sure to win—more convincing evidence that determination must carry all before it.

Failure is nearly always traceable to want of courage at that all-important crisis when the faith test is applied, when the call for a supreme effort goes unheeded, when big problems are met with the face of a lion, but the heart of a deer.

Sooner or later we all meet with discouragement, difficult conditions and reverses. In any task that is worth trying there is sure to be rough climbing to do and at the very moment when we think we are nearing the crest of the hill it is possible that a sudden turn in the road will reveal another stiff and unexpected

piece of work right ahead. Then the choice is to go forward again—or to turn back. Which is it to be? We can sit down and curse our luck or we can square our shoulders, throw the head back, put new determination into the work, continue the even tenour of our way and back ourselves to weather the storm.

Faith that cannot be shaken, sanguine belief in our own ability, unlimited confidence and assurance are the qualities that will carry us through. There must be no grumbling or croaking, no time wasted in idle repining, but we must push on with cheerful spirit, singleness of purpose and pluck of the kind that disarms opposition and removes all hindrances. We shall make mistakes at times, of course, a wrong move here and another there, but there must be no time wasted in regrets. To stand still is to go back and retrogressive movements are so many steps towards failure.

The promised land will never be reached by a rearward movement. On the difficult ground ahead there are more chances and fewer competitors. The man who through lack of mental muscle turns back sinks rapidly into the mire of failure and despair and is quickly lost. We must stick to it, keep our heads up and shout defiance at the difficulties.

“In the beginning of all careers,” says Gambetta, “there comes a crisis, a moment of despair, an eclipse. It is the time to call up your reserves of courage.”

“In the story of my life” Helen Keller gives many inspiring examples of her victories over tremendous obstacles, fights in which the untiring perseverance of both pupil and teacher are strikingly demonstrated. In telling how she progressed towards natural speech Miss Keller says : “I was forced to repeat the words or sentences sometimes for hours, until I felt the proper ring in my own voice. My work was practice, practice, practice. Discouragement and weariness cast me down frequently, but the next moment the thought that I should soon be at home and show my loved ones what I had accomplished, spurred me on, and I eagerly looked forward to their pleasure in my achievement.” And again : “There are days when the close attention I must give to details chafes my spirit, and the thought that I must spend hours reading a few chapters, while in the world without other girls are laughing and singing and dancing makes me rebellious ; but I soon recover my buoyancy and laugh the discontent out of my heart. For, after all, everyone who wishes to gain true knowledge must climb the hill Difficulty alone, and since there is no royal road to the summit, I must zigzag it in my own way. I slip back many times, I fall, I stand still, I run against the edge of hidden obstacles, I lose my temper and find it again and keep it better, I feel encouraged, I get more eager and climb higher and begin to see the widening horizon. Every struggle is a

victory. One more effort and I reach the luminous cloud, the blue depths of the sky, the uplands of my desire."

As you and I read these stirring and encouraging words and remember that Miss Keller has been both blind and deaf from infancy, how can we do otherwise than "trudge on, gain a little . . . get more eager and climb higher," and so journey to the end we have in view.

If we are baffled in our aims in one direction we must try another and with absolute confidence that there is a way, continue to try new paths until we do triumph. By a process of elimination we can rid ourselves of all the wrong turnings and find the path to victory. A strong will is irresistible.

The British in their determination to overthrow German militarism, made a series of heartbreaking blunders before the tide of events turned in their favour. Mons, Charleroi, Loos, Antwerp, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia were sufficiently disappointing in their results to chill the spirits of the most fatuous optimist, but at dawn on that never-to-be-forgotten day, the 1st of July, Germany's run of luck changed and fortune smiled on the Allied cause. Our day came, as we knew it would, perseverance met its reward and it was demonstrated that the German military machine was not invincible. The Battle of the Somme was the big effort that was demanded and because the

new British attack had more courage, grit and strong direction behind it than the earlier ones, it succeeded.

"If" said Cecil Rhodes, "you cannot manage a thing one way, try another."

Just so long as we continue to say and mean "I will" the end will never be in doubt. Delays and disappointments there may be, hard struggles there will be, but sooner or later success must come. All sorts of discouragement will be encountered by the way. There will be the advice of the doubtful Thomases, the alarmists and weak-hearted friends to throw up "a hopeless struggle." The pessimists will throw cold water on our schemes, the envious will sneer when we talk of victory, and the white feather adherents will counsel us to turn tail and run. All the world's most successful men have had to fight the same difficulties.

Colonel Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal—the human dynamo is what they used to call him in the Canal zone—believes that perseverance and imagination will accomplish anything. In 1908, when the vast structure of the Gatun locks began to sink the cry went round the world that the canal could not be built. Accompanied by eminent engineers Mr. Taft, the President-elect, went to Panama to personally look into the situation. To his great surprise he found Colonel Goethals calm and undisturbed in the face of this catastrophe.

Somewhat sobered, Mr. Taft said to the Colonel: "Well, what are we to do, build a canal or not?" to which the Colonel replied—"I can build you a lock canal or I can build you a sea level canal, whichever you prefer. If you do not want either I can pack up and go home." Mr. Taft decided that he wanted a canal.

One of the hardest blows the canal organisation ever sustained was the big slide at Cucaracha a few years ago. Some of the engineers were completely discouraged. Colonel Goethals, summoned from his home hurriedly, arrived at the cut and found some of his best men almost hysterical over the disaster. Colonel Gaillard, who has since died, was frantic. The Colonel looked and lighted a cigarette, just as Colonel Gaillard turned to him and exclaimed:

"What are we ever to do now?"

"Hell," said Colonel Goethals, "dig it out again."

That was his only comment.

When the other engineers were mad with despair the man who had learned the real value of dogged perseverance and who would not be beaten settled the whole difficulty in four words—"Dig it out again." And, of course, it was dug out again!

The lesson we have to learn is that all things are possible. In those early days of the great war when the British forces were so greatly outnumbered by the Germans it is said that General French, visiting the lines,

talked to a Colonel who was hard pressed. "We can't hold out much longer, sir," said the Colonel, "it is impossible." "I want only men who can do the impossible," said the Field-Marshal. "Hold!"

The things that our fathers said were impossible are being done to-day and the problems we fail to solve will assuredly be disentangled by our children.

When the Ford Company revolutionised the motor industry by specialising on one style of chassis and selling automobiles in such quantities that it was impossible to quote much lower prices, the jeers of all the "big" motor car experts were heaped on the Company's head. "Road lice," "Chinese Mercedes" were some of the epithets hurled at the Ford cars, but whilst envious competitors were spending their energies in the effort to laugh the low-priced car out of the business, the men at the Ford works were labouring day and night to fill orders. The founder of the business is said to have the third largest income in the world, some of which, it is true, he wasted on that ill-advised Peace mission. His factories employ over 30,000 of the best-paid men in the world, and have turned out over one million automobiles.

Huxley, as you know, was one of the most brilliant and fascinating lecturers of his day. His success, however, was won after many stubborn fights against unusually heavy odds.

After his first Royal Institution lecture he received an anonymous letter recommending him never to try again, as whatever else he might be fit for, it was certainly not giving lectures. After one of his engagements at a suburban Athenæum a recommendation was made that "the council never invite that young man to lecture again."

By a series of costly experiments calling for the exercise of extraordinary patience and perseverance Lord Masham succeeded in utilising silk waste, turning it into several very profitable goods. Before his experiments brought a penny of profit £300,000 had been spent. In the end he reaped a well-deserved reward, but what patience was needed to persevere to the end !

There is a story connected with the wars of Frederick the Great that is worth telling, not only because of the inspiration to be derived from it, but because the hero of it, although fighting on the side of the Prussian King, was a Britisher :

Refusing to fall back as advised, General Braddock had five horses shot under him, was himself shot in the arm and in the breast, and was carried off the field in a deep stupor. Twice only in the next four days did the General rouse himself from his death agony. Just before he died he was heard to say : "Another time we will do better." No thought of fear, of death, of failure, but in those last noble words the

iron purpose to fight on and to triumph over all. "Another time we will do better."

When we feel despair eating at the heart, when despondency takes possession of us, when hope grows dim it will help if we call to mind those dying words of General Braddock's "*Another time we will do better.*" They will give us new faith, more strength and renewed energy. It illustrates the type of unconquerable spirit that must be emulated by all who are really earnest in the desire to succeed. We must toil night and day, trudge on, and keep climbing. Whether fortune smiles or frowns we must keep a stout heart and "carry on." A will backed up by this kind of determination is irresistible, and gives the corroding forces of despair no opportunity to get in their deadly work.

In an earlier chapter I have pointed to Napoleon's long struggle with hardship, poverty and failure, his triumph over adverse conditions. I have recalled the fact that as late as his 26th year desperation appeared in his manner, lack of proper food emaciated his frame and an uncertain future left its mark in his restless eyes. Only thirteen years separated Toulon, where Bonaparte, an unknown artillery officer, was in command of a battery, and Austerlitz where he overthrew two Emperors.

"It was," Professor Sloane tells us in his "*Life of Napoleon*," a "long, discouraging struggle by which he gained his first vantage

ground. This was no exceptional experience ; for every adventurer knows it is more troublesome to make the start than to continue the advance. It is harder to save the first small capital than to conduct a prosperous business."

Wellington was an unloved son ; his mother, in her brusque way, called him a fool. "I vow to God," she exclaimed, "I do not know what I shall do with my ugly son, Arthur." His career as a schoolboy was without distinction, as a member of Parliament he sat in silence, as a lover he was a disappointment. Nobody suspected that he had any military qualities, and a stool in some Government office with a modest salary was about the most his friends hoped for him. But once again a tireless and unsparing habit of thoroughness, dauntless determination and square-shoulder methods triumphed over the same old crowd of formidable obstacles.

At that period, when his nearest relatives and best friends thought Wellington was a failure, he was merely searching for his opportunity with one fixed idea in mind that he would subdue the forces that were fighting against him. How brilliantly he succeeded all the world knows. Two months after landing at Calcutta he was organising the equipment of an army, and in less than two years he was administering the Kingdom of Mysore. Within six years he was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Mahratta campaign and

the victor of Assaye. And when in the end, rest came, Wellington, once called a fool, carried more titles than had ever before in history been granted to one man, not being of Royal blood. He was Prince, and Duke, in half-a-dozen kingdoms. He was Captain-General of the Spanish Army, Marshall-General of the Portuguese Army, Knight Grand Cross of no less than seventeen orders of knighthood, and Field-Marshal in the armies of all the great Powers.

Thus it is demonstrated once more, that even though we fail in half-a-dozen different attempts the fruits of victory can still be won, and will be won if we try again. Be sure there is a right way and having separated one by one the wrong ways the chances are distinctly in our favour. New opportunities are born every minute, and if we only stick to our guns long enough our turn will assuredly come. Just give the cards another shuffle, and if the luck is still against us, try once more and again until we find the looked-for opening.

In a sketch written for the *Naval Chronicle* in 1799, Lord Nelson said: "Thus may be exemplified by my life that perseverance in any profession will most probably meet with its reward. Without having any inheritance, I have received all the honours of my profession, been created Peer of Great Britain, and I may say to the reader, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

"Go thou and do likewise." And why not? "It cannot be done," is the reply of the

pessimist ; but the truth is that it has been done over and over again in days gone by, and is still being done.

It is a fatal mistake to fall into the error of saying things are impossible or that the other fellow's success was brought about by luck. When once a man starts to talk about his luck it is a sure sign that he is weakening, that he is slipping into the bog of pessimism, and the sooner he applies a remedy the better will it be for his future prospects. It will, I expect, only be the successful men who will agree with me, but my view is that we get precisely the kind of luck we deserve.

"It is," says Sir Frederick Treves, "a common plea of the faint-hearted that success depends mainly on luck. I do not believe at all in luck, and the man who is content to wait for a stroke of good fortune will probably wait until he has a stroke of paralysis."

"Luck," says Ranke, "does not make great men. In the maintenance of a great cause against adverse circumstances and dangers the hero is formed."

If we fail to make headway in one field of labour the obvious thing to do is to try another. The highways of life offer more than sufficient room for men of grit and resolution. The world is young yet, the march of civilisation has hardly begun. There is still plenty of work untouched, still splendid scope for energy and perseverance, rich rewards for great

accomplishments. The chances are by no means exhausted yet, and will not be in our time. Leaders are wanted to point the way, and by perseverance we can elbow our way to front rank positions.

There is so much to do that there is no time to spare for idle brooding. The demand everywhere to-day is for men of action, men of mental power and moral fibre, men who are able and willing to go out and fight life's difficulties, men who having set their hands to the plough will not turn back, will not deflect from the task before them, men who will carry the message to Garcia. Even in the happy-go-lucky pre-war days the business highway was not a rose-strewn path, but in the days ahead there will be new difficulties to grapple with, big problems to solve and some troublesome obstacles, demanding man's greatest strength, to overcome.

There have been great men and great problems in the past, but the bigger problems of the future call for strong men in ever-increasing numbers, men of the same stamp as Cromwell, Kitchener, Nelson, Napoleon, Columbus, Pitt, Wellington, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Gladstone, Chamberlain, Scott, Shackleton, Livingstone, Stanley, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Tolstoy, Mazzini, Bacon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Watts, Morse, Stevenson, Marconi, Edison, Rhodes, Strathcona, Calvin, Knox, Booth, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley. These

men were all leaders in the onward march of progress, but their share of work is done and others are needed to carry it on.

Each of us has some part to play, some work to do with the army of toilers. If we cannot be commanders at the head of the army, we can at least be soldiers in the ranks. We must find our niche and persevere with it until it grows into a notch.

Keep climbing. It is hard work moving up all the time, but it is less painful to change to a higher rung of the ladder than to fall to the bottom, and the rewards of victory waiting for us on the uplands are very sweet indeed, well worth winning, well worth fighting for.

Work, push, persevere—that is the formula. Centre all our hopes on the future, look well ahead and refuse to recognise either compromise or defeat.

The diary of Captain Scott, the leader of the ill-fated British Antarctic Expedition, contains these inspiring words—words which have thrilled millions of Britishers throughout the world :

“ We fought these untoward events with a will and conquered. . . . I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through. . . . The gale is blowing about us, we are weak, and writing is difficult. But, for my part, I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure and meet death with as great a fortitude as

ever in the past. We took risks—we knew we took them. . . . Things have come out against us. . . . We have no cause for complaint. . . . We bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. . . . Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman.”

Captain Scott did not live to write the full story which would, as he said, have stirred the heart of every Britisher, but his simple account of the heroism of his party, their magnificent fight against overwhelming misfortune, their gallantry in the face of terrible dangers and their dogged perseverance made a profound impression on the whole world. Their brilliant example will live through all the ages, will burn into every faculty of men's souls, guiding them to higher courage and nobler efforts.

Do you remember those last words of Captain Scott to his sledge party—“Slog on! Slog on!” Those inspiring words will find an echo in the heart of every Britisher to-day, will sound like a trumpet call throughout the land and will help generations to come after us to mount the heights of nobleness and sublime courage. Let us pin that message to our pennons and keep it ever before us to spur us forward, to embolden us to worthy deeds, to determine us to do our best, as Captain Scott did, to the last.

CHAPTER IV.

OPPORTUNITY.

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."—THOREAU.

"Life is but another name for action, and he who is without opportunity exists but does not live."—G. S. HILLARD.

"If the mass of people hesitate to act, strike thou in swift with all boldness; the noble heart that understands and seizes quick hold of opportunity can achieve everything."—GOETHE.

*"This morning, like the spirit of youth
That means to be of note, begins betime."*

—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

AT different times many people have dealt with this question of opportunity, but most of them, taking their cue from John J. Ingalls, have credited the "Master of Human Destinies" with a fondness, amounting almost to a craze, for hammering at door knockers. "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door" is a sample of the foolish and totally misleading statements made by writers who indulge in surface reasoning only. Then we are warned against the serious consequences that will ensue if we are not ready to grasp such a good friend by the hand when he does unexpectedly honour us with a visit and in all seriousness we are told that there will be no second call.

If by any chance this book should fall into the hands of any man, young or old, who is sitting

around waiting for opportunity to come along and knock at his door or ring the bell, let me urge him to do a little hard thinking at once and convince himself that chances do not usually come to the man who sits around waiting for something to turn up. There are far too many people "hunting the golden slipper" to make it necessary to advertise for men who would care to possess it or to send the town crier round with information for all and sundry as to when and where it can be located.

Opportunities go marching past us every hour of the day, but they do not single out particular individuals for preferential treatment of the kind indicated by John J. Ingalls. The place to meet opportunities is out there in the arena, where big things are done, where the fight is hardest, where strong men match their brains and muscles against difficult problems, where there are honours to be gained and victories to be won. There are opportunities enough there for all who care to have them, openings that are rich in promise, chances which offer a fair field and which if tackled in the right spirit and with energy and resolution will give satisfying rewards.

Phenomenal successes are not produced so much by phenomenal conditions as by the application of extraordinary effort to very ordinary conditions, by the ability to turn every opportunity, great and small, to favour-

able account. The man who is everlastingly waiting for the gods to deal him a winning hand, to interfere on his behalf, will discover sooner or later that he is playing a losing game. Hard, steady work will find its own openings, will seize the small favours which come along and make them yield big results.

Dreaming and building castles in the air is good enough occupation for the rest hours, but it is up to us to make some of those dreams come true, and to do that we must be fully awake, mentally alert, argus-eyed, and constantly vigilant. We must sleep with one eye open, careful lest the hour for action comes unexpectedly and finds us unprepared.

Outside that door on which opportunity is said to knock there are chances—myriads of them—for all. There are problems to be solved, undeveloped fields waiting for men to conquer them, work enough and clean and profitable enough to satisfy all demands. There are opportunities in abundance and to spare for all who have eyes to see, ears to hear and brains to reason with. Out there in the boundless fields of industry where men are doing things, where the sun is for ever shining, is the place to make our hay. Opportunity does not come with a fanfare of trumpets, does not send advance agents to announce its coming, but the eager searcher who has the strength that is born of character will not be baffled for long in his pursuit of it.

Prime Minister Hughes, in one of his recent *Sunday Herald* articles said : "Theoretically there is nothing in Britain to prevent a man becoming—short of a king—what he pleases. But in practice he finds himself at every forward step up against the triple steel walls of caste and of iron circumstances. He cannot escape from the economic compound for where is he to go ? He cannot go gold-digging with nothing but a tin dish and a shovel and an abundance of faith in his good luck . . . as can the Australian who wishes to escape from the thralldom of industrial life. The Australian can make a good living catching rabbits—the more he catches the better people like him. The Englishman is more likely to get three months if he tries to catch any."

We have had many inspiring messages and a great deal of sound common-sense advice from Mr. Hughes, but in this case his argument is weak and unconvincing. In Australia rabbits are treated as pests, and the living a man can earn by catching them is just about as satisfying as the livelihood to be derived in this country from rat catching. There are no triple steel walls of caste to prevent the Britisher who wishes to escape from the thralldom of industrial life from trying his luck at gold-digging, but he will need a superabundance of faith and something more than good fortune to bring him success.

Admitting that there is much in the British environment that is entirely wrong, and which

will in the very near future have to be altered, the fact remains that it is possible for Britishers to scale those triple steel walls of caste and to conquer the iron circumstances which delay their forward steps. On his recent visit to this country Mr. Hughes met and talked with some of the men—a few of the many—who have triumphed over the obstacles named.

It is no doubt easier to get a footing on the lower rungs of the ladder in Australia than it is in Great Britain, but there, as here and elsewhere, it is only the men of sterner stuff, of outstanding ability, who reach the top positions.

There is a very good story of an Englishman and an American who, seated in a club-room overlooking Fifth Avenue in New York, were discussing the class problems in their respective countries. The American claimed that any citizen of the United States had it within his power to rise step by step until he became President of his country. "Could that man become President of the United States?" queried the Britisher, pointing to a crossing-sweeper in the street below, to which his companion replied, "No, that man will never occupy White House—he is sweeping against the wind."

Sweeping against the wind is a fault common to many men in many lands. They are the folk who spend much time in lamenting their misfortunes, who continually let the

opportunities slip through their fingers, mis-time their chances and are usually a day too late for the fair. The time that should be spent in improving their own position is spent in envying the other man's good luck.

Instead of wasting the years in searching for short cuts to fame and fortune, in looking for some easy path, our duty is to get into action, turn up our shirt sleeves, meet the "iron circumstances" with an iron will and to keep moving forward. We must strike the iron while it is hot and remember that time and tide wait for no man. We may pause and delay, but the years move swiftly on, youth develops into manhood and manhood into old age and in the meantime whether we are active or inactive our reserve of strength is being used up, we are exhausting our energies and the golden minutes are slipping away.

Opportunity does not always present itself in gorgeous raiment, but as often as not is to be found poorly garbed and in unexpected and out-of-the-way places. Napoleon tells us that he found his opportunity in the gutter: "The crown of France," he says, "was in the mud. I picked it up and placed it on my own head."

Watts found his chance in his mother's kitchen.

What we who have the wish to succeed have to do is to keep both eyes trained on the road ahead, to keep moving, to refuse to be diverted from our purpose, to apply all our energies to

really useful things, to examine everything that comes into our net, and above all to pay close attention to the little things.

The fatal error so often made is that of seeking some get-rich-quick road, and in the feverish desire to obtain wealth the near at hand opportunities slip past unnoticed.

In Stock Exchange gambling, in turf speculations, in lottery schemes, at games of chance—in these and scores of other “easy” ways men who are impatient to rise endeavour to rush the turnstiles, moving forward a step to-day and slipping back a step to-morrow, buoyed up by some lucky turn of the wheel one minute and depressed by fortune's frown the next, and with it all making no headway.

Do you remember the little heroine in “Alice through the Looking Glass” who is seized by the Red Chess Queen and raced off at a terrific pace? They run until both of them are completely out of breath, and through sheer exhaustion have to stop. Then Alice looks round and exclaims, “Why, we are just where we were when we started!” It's much the same with the men who fly hither and thither with no set purpose, influenced first this way and then that way by any scheme which promises a speedy solution of the “How to get-rich-quick” problem. They waste much time and breath and then discover that they are just where they were when they started.

It is open to any man to try that method, but unless he happens to be the odd case in a thousand he will wake up some day to a realisation of the fact that he has been living in a fool's paradise, that he has devoted many useful years to the pursuit of a gilded shadow, a mere will-o'-the-wisp, when all the time the means by which he could have won success were there at his elbow.

"A disordered imagination!" "There," says Napoleon, "lies the cause and source of human misfortune. It sends us wandering from sea to sea, from fancy to fancy, and when at last it grows calm, opportunity has passed, the hour strikes and its possessor dies abhorring life."

If we have confidence in our ability to win, belief in our own power to triumph over all obstacles, if we cultivate a cheerful optimism and let a whole-hearted faith in our own capabilities urge us on to worth-while achievements we shall reap a satisfying harvest.

The Captains of Industry are calling loudly for men—real men of iron will—who are physically, mentally and morally strong, and for the fighters who are brave enough to dare the heights the field of opportunity is limited only by a man's own ambition and determination.

Success is for those who deserve it, who fight for it, who toil for it with might and main, and if we would triumph then we must decide to win its favours by legitimate means, must strive

from a sense of duty quite as much as from a desire to secure reward.

It is only the men who show superb daring who can hope to achieve, the bold-spirited knight-errants whose intrepid gallantry knows no fear, who treat danger and adversity with contempt, and who are happier in the possession of one full minute of dazzling glory than with life's complete span filled to overflowing with humdrum toil and aimless plodding, who experience to the full extent the joy of living, and, better still, who know how to die without regret.

A recent issue of the *Daily Mail* contained a copy of a letter addressed to his father and mother by Second Lieut. E. L. Townsend, who was killed in France on September 15th of this year. Not only was this gallant boy's letter full of noble sentiment, but quite unconsciously it revealed a dauntless spirit of the rare type that can never be weakened by adverse conditions—courage that cannot fail to stir the heart and quicken the pulse of every man who reads it. It is an inspiring example of valour and disregard for death and proves that British soldiers of the twentieth century are every bit as brave as the men who fought with Wellington at Waterloo and with Henry V. at Agincourt. "You are reading this letter," so the message began, "because I have gone under. But for this war I and all the others would have passed into

oblivion like the countless myriads before us. We should have gone about our trifling business, eating, drinking, sleeping, hoping, marrying, giving in marriage, and finally dying with no more achieved than when we were born, with the world no different for our lives. Even the cattle in the field fare no worse than this. They, too, eat, drink, sleep, bring forth young, and die leaving the world no different from what they found it.

"But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts.

"We shall live as those who by their sacrifice won the Great War. Our spirits and our memories shall endure in the proud position Britain shall hold in the future. The measure of life is not its span but the use made of it. I did not make much use of my life before the war, but I think I have done so now.

"To me has been given the easier task; to you is given the more difficult—that of living in sorrow. Be of good courage that at the end you may give a good account."

"*Be of good courage that in the end you may give a good account,*" is a message that will surely help us all to bigger achievements.

If a few of the men who apply so much energy to the search for some magic key that will throw open the gates of fortune would only direct the same effort to the development of the latent powers in their own unexplored equipment, what big things they could

accomplish ! What is needed is continuity of effort, immovable adherence to the programme of work mapped out for our attention.

If we only start early enough, when our enthusiasm burns with unquenchable ardour, we shall quickly learn to take pride in the discovery that we have qualities capable of forcing a way through or over those "triple steel walls of caste." It is necessary, however, to conquer such influences as are calculated to divert our energies from the task in hand, to strangle at birth every tendency towards inertia, and to make full use of the sound common-sense with which we have been endowed.

When Cecil Rhodes first went to South Africa the doctors, knowing his physical weakness, but not recognising his mental strength, told him he hadn't six months to live, but that did not prevent Rhodes from living many years or from carrying out great plans for the development of the British Empire. The doctors who prophesied Rhodes' early death reckoned without an understanding of their patient's inexhaustible supply of optimism, his indomitable will and his keen desire to vitalise his dreams.

In Louisville, U.S.A., there lives an old gentleman, tall and erect, with long, flowing, white hair and a ruddy, smiling face. Morrison Heady, for that is his name, is 86 years of age, is deaf and blind, but he has written books and verse of considerable importance. In his leisure hours he is inventor, architect, musician, story-

teller in turns. He lost the sight of one eye when quite a little boy, and at sixteen he was totally and incurably blind. At eighteen his hearing, impaired some years earlier by a fall from horseback, began to fail and diminished slowly until he became totally deaf. "It was," says Mr. Heady, "like the swinging to of the prison door when the prisoner is left alone in his cell." Sorely crushed he rose above misfortunes and disappointments, seized the opportunity of adding as much to his store of knowledge as time would allow before the door closed utterly, pushed on without thought of grumbling and succeeded in spite of all.

At the De Witt Clinton High School, New York, there is, or was until recently, a boy who has been blind practically all his life, but by hard work and patient endeavour he is winning great honours. Two years ago he was at the head of a law class of 145 boys, received the highest marks in the Regent's examination in English and had won a State Scholarship. His average standing in the study of history was more than 90 per cent. and he is one of the best debaters in the school.

The optimist laughs at difficulties, scorns obstacles and finds new strength in handicaps. Because he knows that success is often reached through failure, reverses merely serve to give him more courage; the obstacles in his path are used as climbing irons with which to reach the higher things his ambition has in view.

"Know your opportunity" was the advice of Pittacus, and one reason why he was counted among the seven wise men of Greece. There are many modern proverbs too worth remembering: "Make hay while the sun shines"; "Do it now"; "Take time by the forelock"; "To-day must not borrow of to-morrow," and many others.

In a letter to young men Sir James Stephens said he could put his suggestion in a single word—"Aspire."

Let us learn to be prompt in decisions, quick in action and confident in our power to win.

"Now is the time to act,
Now is the time to fight,
Now is the time to make myself a better man,
If to-day you are not ready
Will you be to-morrow?" *

We must use every minute of our time in alert watchfulness for opportunities, must keep a sharp look-out for the propitious moment to strike. It is in those early years from the late teens to the thirtieth years of life that our physical strength is at its best, that our energies are able to produce the best results and yet because youth, so strong in physical endowments, is usually so weak in wisdom, it is in this very period that so much misdirected energy is found, that so many opportunities pass by without receiving so much as a look of recognition.

* THOMAS A KEMPIS.

The real value of those opportunity-laden years from the time a man enters his twentieth year until the end of the third decade is rarely appreciated until it is too late !

Between the age of twenty and thirty life is crowded with magnificent chances, and every minute of time is so much wealth to be profitably invested or wasted as we may decide.

It is during those glorious years of early manhood that Dame Fortune's favours like to be wooed and won.

As the border line that marks the termination of youth is crossed and the dawn of manhood approaches, it is vitally necessary to exercise wisdom, foresight and resolution so as to be in readiness to step into line immediately the "Advance" bugle sounds. In Cavour's words "the hour of strong resolutions has arrived." It is at this momentous period that life's opportunities are found in richest profusion, here the climb begins in real earnest, here are found the first tangible rewards for honest toil. It is the time to be up and doing, to be marching all the time, to be gathering experience, adding knowledge to knowledge, success to success. Early and late, from year's end to year's end, there is a need to keep everlastingly at it, wasting no time on silly pleasures, investing every second in dividend-paying securities, never pausing, save perhaps to review the progress made.

If the head is kept erect, the shoulders squared to the task in hand there are big prizes

to be won in the years of the third decade, but they are only for the fighters, the workers, the men who labour unceasingly and use every ounce of their mental and physical strength in the effort to win positions worth holding.

Just as there are greater opportunities to "make good" at this stage of a man's life than at any other, so there are greater temptations to squander the mighty minutes. The choice is entirely ours—steady, studious, determined toil on the one hand or a round of wearisome gaieties on the other.

The plaudits of the people crowding in their thousands around the sporting arena are very pleasing to the youthful ear; it is satisfying to one's vanity to be hailed as "a good fellow," it is flattering to be called a "sport," it is so much easier to say "yes" than "no" when that "come and have a good time" invitation is issued, but where is the lasting good in it, and what is the cost of it all?

What puerile eccentricities are committed in the name of "good fellowship"—follies which too often lead to ruined lives. "Good fellowship" and "bad companionship" too frequently run in double harness. Addressing a convict in one of our penal establishments recently a visitor asked: "And what brought you here, my good fellow?" to which the unfortunate man replied, "You have said it." The seed of "good fellowship" often produces a harvest of sorrow.

A well-known proverb says "If you lie upon roses when you are young you will lie upon thorns when old," but the roses are, after all, only poor, worthless imitations painted to look like the real thing, but in reality coarse, ugly and unsatisfying ; but on the other hand the thorns are very real, and the pain they inflict endures.

Do you remember that note of terrible anguish in Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" : "I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. The Gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of sensual ease. I amused myself with being a flaneur, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. . . Desire, at the end, was a malady or a madness or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character. . . . I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility. I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come

wild despair ; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at ; terrible and impotent rage, bitterness and scorn ; anguish that wept aloud ; misery that could find no voice ; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering."

How many men, as they stand on the threshold of their thirtieth year, look back on a ten-year field of wasted opportunities only to feel regret—keen, immeasurable, soul-racking regret that they did not make better use of the sunny hours of the third decade—that they did not make hay while the sun shone ? As that feeling of glorious youth perceptibly weakens and recedes into the background, as the first realisation of age comes stealing through the human mind, as the mental and physical strength shows the first trace of ill-usage, the knowledge that the hour grows late forces itself to the brain of the thinker and he is compelled, however reluctantly, to admit that through poor judgment and poverty of reasoning a whole decade or more has been thrown into the gutter—exchanged for a mere bagatelle of nugatory pleasures, the very memory of which is charged with bitterness.

Heeding the voice of a wiser understanding he may be ready to make better use of the coming years, to regain, if possible, even in the eleventh hour, some fragment of the squandered chances, but much of the loss is irrecoverable. Mind and body have lost the strength of youth, the hand has lost its cunning and whilst new-

born wisdom, aided by clearer penetration and firm resolution, can still find openings well worth fighting for, yesterday's opportunities belong to the dead past "The retrospect of life," said Henry Taylor, "swarms with lost opportunities."

I can imagine no more poignant emotion than the remorse that strikes into a man's soul as for the first time he comes to a full understanding of the fact that many of the most valuable years of his life have yielded no harvest of creditable results—as he comes face to face with the stern fact that in the years when the world was at his feet, when good health stood on one side, a splendid mental equipment on the other and a broad field of opportunity ahead, he deliberately idled away his time, ignored the finger-post directions of wisdom, laughed in the face of experience, and settled the problem of the future with a decision to "have a good time while I am young"—as with furtive glances he looks into the years behind and with the cry "What a fool I have been" or the oft-repeated "I wish I could have my time over again," turns to face the hard struggle ahead. It is then he remembers that line of Richard the Second's "I wasted time, and now doth time waste me."

Do you recall the lines—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Now and again you meet a man who, in his ignorance of the higher things of life and the beauties of the uplands, is apparently content with a career of sordid drudgery, satisfied to lead the life of a muckworm, happy in that field of dull employment that knows no progress, and in his folly rejoices in the fact that he has cheated the world in its attempt to make him a useful citizen.

I knew a man once whose sole regret on his deathbed was that he had managed things so badly that he still had a hundred pounds in hand, representing from his peculiar viewpoint so many lost pleasures. But I have forgotten his name, and the world has forgotten it too—and at his best he was a sorry jester.

Of the many gifts bestowed on the human race the power to work, to create, to triumph over obstacles, to make wise use of our opportunities is the greatest of all. Carlyle said "Work is the cure for all maladies and miseries of man—honest work which you intend getting done."

Let us, then, make a new resolution to-day that from this very hour we will be active members of the Wisdom Club, will faithfully observe all the rules of the game, will leave time-wasting follies to the fools, will do our level best to surmount every difficulty, weather every storm, subjugate every influence that tends to hold us back, will, no matter what hardships are encountered, seize every opening

that comes along and turn it to good and useful account, will set our shoulders to the wheel, put all our strength and soul into the work we undertake and by herculean efforts make good.

CHAPTER V.

ADVERSITY.

" Oftentimes calamity turns to our advantage, and great ruins make way for greater glories."—SENECA.

" A great career although baulked of its end is still a landmark of human energy. Failure when sublime is not without its purpose."—DISRAELI.

" All dies except the spirit of man and what man does."—CARLYLE.

" What is success and what is failure ? It is not what a man does that exalts him, but what a man would do."—BONAR LAW.

" He that can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul ; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported by the latter."—FIELDING.

" Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart."—LONGFELLOW.

LIFE would be very monotonous, very uninteresting, if all our days were flooded with uninterrupted sunshine. A country in which the roads are all smooth, in which there are no hills to climb, no mountains, no rugged paths, is tame, dull and not much frequented. The games which provide no excitement, no risk of loss, no opportunities for gain or adventure are usually children's games. The British nation is a nation of

sportsmen and better than most people we have learned how to take as well as how to strike hard blows, how to pocket our losses, how to smile in the face of disaster.

It isn't always easy to believe it at the time, perhaps, but there is no doubt that occasional frowns of fortune are good for us. Many a man who was born with a wooden ladle in his mouth has, driven forward by the stern hand of necessity, risen to greater heights than he would have done had he been reared in the lap of luxury.

Someone has said that the man who doesn't get his share of adversity has been overlooked by his Maker.

If the waters were always smooth and there were no risks to be faced, no hardships to be endured, the men who now sail the seas would be employed in some different branch of labour, some work better suited to their venturesome spirits.

Reverses test our strength, our faith, our character, check the tendency towards false pride and egotism and make us more alert than would be the case if our lives were all ups and no downs. Long spells of prosperity without a break of any kind, are very apt to make us selfish, arrogant, reckless and slack. Nations do not develop strength in the piping times of peace.

In those dark days immediately following the outbreak of war, when the thunder clouds

hung in ominous profusion over Great Britain, when the violence of the storm reverberated in all the King's dominions and threatened the safety of the Empire and the honour of the race, when the world began to wonder if Britain's star was on the wane and our enemies loudly boasted of their ability and determination to destroy both our prestige and our power, Britishers drank the cup of adversity to the dregs. With a suddenness that left us dazed the halcyon days of peace came to a halt and we knew that the hour of fate had struck, knew that without warning and without time for preparation the test of our faith had come and that our courage was to be sorely tried. We knew, too, that unready as we were, we dare not fail and although there were pusillanimous weaklings here and there who counselled us not to fight, who urged us to look on from a safe position on top of the fence, their puny voices were drowned by the din of preparations for war. With one heart and one voice Britain made ready to weather the storm, to muster the full strength of her manhood, and even though the hour was unpropitious and the odds against us overwhelmingly great, we knew we should meet every demand made on our resources, should live up to the best traditions of the race and conquer. For a year or more defeat followed defeat with disheartening monotony, there were many dark spots on the horizon, and the bravest spirits had their brief

moments of despair, yet never for an instant did we lose faith in the justness of our cause, in our ability sooner or later to turn the god of war's frowns into smiles, and never once did our determination waver. In the darkest hour of adversity we found new strength that cheered our spirits, gave us greater confidence and inspired us to glorious deeds of heroic effort.

On his return to England after the Jameson raid, the Baroness Burdett Coutts gave a big dinner and reception in honour of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Mr. John Hayes Hammond and his wife were invited, and as they met Mr. Rhodes grasped the hand of Mrs. Hammond and said : " I know what you have been thinking of me. The last time I saw you I told you I never spent sleepless nights, but I have suffered many of them since that time. You have also thought," he went on, " that this set-back I have had in my career would be a good thing for me, as I was getting too arbitrary in my ways of thinking and acting, and I want to tell you that you are entirely right. It is a terrible humbling of my pride, but in the long run it will be a splendid thing for me, because it will make me a far more reasonable and considerate man."

There we have a splendid example of adversity working in exactly the way it is intended to work, as a great purifier and cleanser. The one sure way to check fast-growing pride is to

bring it to a sudden halt at the bayonet point of catastrophe. It gives us a much-needed opportunity to indulge in a little self-analysis and correction, time to review our actions, to make quite sure that in our hurry to achieve things we have not left the main highway, and raced off in some wrong direction. It gives us time to realise that we are not free from imperfections, and that being human we are prone to errors.

Just as floods, fires, wars and other calamities are usually the forerunners of unexpected benefits, so do troubles and hardships in our own lives usually bring some compensating advantages.

"The furnace of adversity," says Lord Avebury, "often purifies a man and separates the good metal of his nature from the dross by which it was obscured."

Whether the reason is clear to us or not the view we should take is that in every untoward event there is some good, if unseen, purpose. We cannot always live on the sunny side of the hedge, cannot always bask in the sunshine of fortune's smiles. "To great minds," says Hawley, "great misfortunes are seldom un-mixed evils. Out of the nettle calamity they pluck the flower wisdom."

A few years ago a man of my acquaintance met with what appeared to him to be an irremediable piece of ill-luck. At very short notice and without any apparent reason he was

dismissed from a position he had occupied for over twenty years. The suddenness of this totally unexpected blow temporarily undermined his reason. He had given twenty of the best years of his life to the one firm and the injustice of the dismissal—for so it seemed to him—was the one thing he could think of. His mind was so obsessed with the whole thing that for days he thought and talked of nothing else and in his despair he feared that age would make it difficult to secure another appointment. Later, he grew calm again, his self-confidence was restored and with head well back he went to work with determined energy to “better” himself. A few weeks later he secured an appointment that was worth much more both in immediate benefits and opportunities than the one he had vacated, and which but for the “injustice” dealt out to him he would never have heard of. His “misfortune” was a godsend in unfamiliar garb.

The lesson to be learnt from all this is to meet adversity bravely, to climb to higher things, to be patient in the knowledge that the storm will pass and when the clouds lift the sun will shine with its old-time brilliance and power and will drive the shadows away.

It is half the battle to remain tranquil and unperturbed when dangers threaten. When Antoninus Pius was stricken by the hand of death the captain of the guard came to him and asked for the password for the night.

"Equanimity," replied the Emperor, and then sank into the sleep that knows no waking. We might with advantage make that one word "equanimity" the guiding impulse in our lives.

The old Chinese philosopher Lau-tsze said : "A violent wind will not outlast the morning. A pouring rain will not outlast the day."

The man who has the qualities of determination, patience and perseverance rightly proportioned will never be held back for long by ill-luck. He may reel occasionally under some particularly heavy blow, he may stumble at times, but he will never admit defeat, and when in the "firing line" he will stand steady and fearlessly meet whatever the gods have in store for him. Fighting against stupendous odds he will develop greater vigour, resourcefulness and self-confidence.

"There is as much courage in supporting the applications of the soul," said Napoleon, "as in standing steady under the grape of a battery of guns. To give one's self up to grief without resistance, to kill one's self to escape it, is to abandon the battlefield defeated." And again "They blame me that I can outlive my fall. Wrongfully . . . It is much more courageous to outlive unmerited bad fortune."

In the year A.D. 79 the City of Pompeii met with a greater disaster than has happened to any other city in the world's history, being completely swallowed up by an earthquake,

which accompanied one of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. To-day, when all trace of the other cities of ancient Rome has disappeared, Pompeii lives again and is in a wonderful state of preservation. The city was destroyed, lost for centuries, but for some reason—perhaps to remind those who tread its silent streets how speedily adversity can overtake arrogant pride—it has come back from its grave of ashes.

A few years ago San Francisco was almost entirely destroyed by one of the most disastrous earthquakes experienced in modern times. All who knew the old San Francisco and have seen the new city at the Golden Gate agree not only that the people of San Francisco met their heartbreaking calamity with amazing fortitude and courage, but that in the work of rebuilding, the city has been cleansed of many impurities and deep-rooted evils. Out of the nettle calamity the people of San Francisco plucked the flower wisdom, and the result is a beautiful, cleaner and more modern 'Frisco.

It was only after meeting the misfortune of a severe attack of typhoid fever that Hermoltz started to study science. Forced to spend his vacation in a hospital, where he was nursed without expense, he was able to save money, and from these savings he purchased a microscope.

Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Harriett Martineau, and many others of the same splendid type, met their great

misfortunes bravely, succeeded in spite of and perhaps because of them, and in any case resolutely refused to be defeated by them.

If we make a close survey of the cases in which men suffer defeat at the hands of misfortune it will be observed that in most instances the calamity is greatly exaggerated. Viewed from a distance trouble always wears an inflated appearance, and the bark is invariably worse than the bite. Approach it fearlessly and more often than not that which has the appearance of a lion when viewed from afar proves on close inspection to be nothing more formidable than a mouse.

As a general rule you will find that the men who quit at the first rumour that trouble is brewing require little more than their own shadows to scare them. They remind one of the man who went fishing in unknown waters and fell overboard. In the belief that he was drowning he lost both his reason and his modicum of courage and shouted wildly for help. An old fisherman who knew the situation better called out to him to "stand up, man—stand up!" When the man finally stood up it was to make the discovery that but for the fisherman's timely warning he might have drowned in three feet of water.

If men and women who grow timorous at the first sight of adversity and who give way to abject fear whenever a storm threatens, would only stand up, present a brave front and

remain calm, patient and fearless, the adverse conditions that cause them so much anxiety would melt as the mists before the rising sun. The brightest days are often ushered in by mists or threatening skies, the darkest hour is the one just before dawn and days which begin in sorrow very often end in joy and gladness.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER.

"It is better to be than to seem. To live honestly and deal justly is the soul of the whole matter."—SOCRATES.

"You never stained your face with walnut juice nor rouge ; you never wore gowns cut conspicuously low ; your ornaments were a loveliness of mind and person that time could not tarnish."
—SENECA (in a book dedicated to his mother).

"Wise men have an inward sense of what is beautiful, and the highest wisdom is to trust this intuition and be guided by it. The answer to the last appeal of what is right lies within a man's own breast. Trust thyself."—"Ethics of Aristotle."

"If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, fortitude, and, in a word, than thine own soul's satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason . . . if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul."—MARCUS AURELIUS.

"It would be an unspeakable advantage if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest."—THOREAU.

It was said of Cassio "He hath a daily beauty in his life," meaning, of course, that he was a pattern of truth, honesty, unselfishness, kindness and devotion to duty.

The world has always recognised the value of probity, appreciated its beauty, admitted its immense value as an asset in the every day affairs of life, but it is only in quite recent years that it has taken rank as a virtue in those keen commercial pursuits that engage the daily attention of men.

Formerly men thought it necessary in the fierce struggle of competitive business to adopt a standard of commercial morality which carried only a thin veneer of honesty, a code that was elastic enough to fit any and all requirements. They conceded that truth was a most excellent and praiseworthy seventh-day virtue, but in applying it to their Monday to Saturday operations they regarded a certain measure of flexibility as both desirable and legitimate. They were unable to bring themselves to the point of telling the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." They feared that if they carried their honesty too far their dishonest competitors—in business it is always the other fellow who is the knave—would steal a march on them. To put the matter quite plainly conscience was urging the unvarnished truth and a policy of undiluted uprightness, but the money-making instinct was putting in a plea for a thinly-veiled type of tergiversation. The result was usually a compromise, a sort of split-the-difference arrangement which did a little in both directions.

Latterly, however, square dealing of the pure and unadulterated variety has scored many notable triumphs in business. There is a rapidly growing and very gratifying tendency to recognise that whilst unscrupulous methods have, in many instances, helped to accumulate fortunes the advantage gained is not of a very

permanent character, and when the reaction sets in, as sooner or later it will, the dishonest gains are counterbalanced by losses. The straight way is the slower but the surer way; it gives greater strength to the foundations, enhances the value of goodwill, and so men who build with one eye carefully trained on the future see in that policy of strict integrity a means of making their success more permanent, healthy and satisfying.

The old idea that you cannot be honest and keep your lead in business is falling back to make room for the better rule that dishonesty leads to the exit doors. More than ever before is it recognised that probity is good in practise as well as in theory.

Men who are continually shouting their virtues from the housetops, who make it the rule rather than the exception to offer something for nothing, who are continually selling goods "under cost," create an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust, and drift by sure stages into that hopeless position when they are not believed even on the rare occasions when they do "play the game." People get into the habit of heavily discounting their statements, and by degrees their reputation for unreliability becomes firmly established.

Quite recently a well-known business man retired after fifty years' active service. In a Press interview he said: "Lying does not pay in business. The truth does pay. The

commercial code should be as high as the theological or any other code. After putting these precepts into practice for half a century I can say that nothing is gained by lying about anything."

It is recorded that on his deathbed Socrates uncovered his face and with his last breath said : " Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius ; will you remember to pay the debt ? " " The debt shall be paid," said Crito ; " is there anything else ? " but Socrates did not speak again.

Bacon notes " a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself " and there is no doubt many men possess an unwholesome admiration for fiction, perhaps because they prefer the element of danger in it, or because they vote it more " picturesque " than truth ; or maybe, growing tired of virtue, they think it good to flirt with vice for awhile. Experience, however, teaches that lies are short-lived. As Robert Ingersoll says : " A lie will not fit a fact. It will only fit another lie made for the purpose. The life of a lie is simply a question of time. Nothing but truth is immortal."

You remember the advice the man in Maine gave to his boy when he left home : " John, honesty is the best policy ; I have tried both."

Perhaps the most seductive and dangerous lie is the one which comes to us in the form of flattery. People aiming to win favours, who have some axe to grind, pour honeyed words on our vanity and to gain our goodwill, tell

us how clever, how brave or how noble we are, and in our weakness we deliberately shut our eyes to the truth and bask in the rays of a wholly illusory sunshine: It is an act of insensate folly to refuse to see our own imperfections. Ugliness cannot be made beautiful by sugared words or by the mere act of saying it is beautiful. Honest admission of our faults is necessary before we can hope to remedy the defects.

There is a story of a prudent painter in Athens who was more intent on the merit of his work than the financial reward it might bring. He had painted a God of War and sent for a real critic to give him an opinion of it. The critic, when he saw the picture, shook his head: "Too much Art visible, my friend; it won't do." The painter strove to think otherwise, and was still arguing when a young coxcomb stepped in: "Gods, what a masterpiece!" cried he at the first glance. "Ah, that foot! those exquisitely wrought toe-nails, helm, shield, mail, what opulence of Art!" The sorrowful painter looked at the real critic, then at his brush, and the instant the glib-tongued flatterer was gone struck out his "God of War."

The moral of the story is beware of flattery that comes from fools and liars.

"The way in which some people fight against their faults," says a critic, "reminds me of the Hindoo who, when looking at some

Ganges water through a microscope smashed the microscope because it revealed unpleasant truths to him."

Breaking the mirror in which our errors are so clearly reflected does not remove the faults, or assist us in the fight to improve ourselves.

"No face which we can give to a matter," Thoreau tells us, "will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part we are not where we are, but in a false position. . . . Any truth is better than make-believe."

Vanity is a prolific breeder of lies. The gems that sparkle with such dazzling beauty, the gold that glitters, the exquisite colouring of the hair, the complexion, that splendid figure, the smiles with which we greet our friends—are they the genuine thing or only counterfeits? Those good wishes, congratulations, fulsome words—how often are they used to hide very different feelings immediately below the surface. Artificiality and sycophancy still have many adherents, and there is a market for imitations that carry a thin veneer of truth, a mere surface polish. What a thing really is too seldom receives the consideration it deserves—the one thing that matters to the fac-simile worshippers is that the exterior appearance should carry some semblance of truth. The lies that are so thinly veiled may be revealed in all their ugliness to-morrow, but men and women whose overweening conceit

and vain-glory find satisfaction in complacent egoism have few thoughts for to-morrow.

Leaders of public thought too frequently set the regrettable example of making statements deliberately framed to convey double meanings. Instead of using plain, straightforward language admitting of no possible misunderstanding, they clothe their utterances in a superfluity of words so that people holding different opinions will each derive satisfaction from the message they hear.

By developing the virtues of uprightness and good faith, by fighting against all falsehood, by taking up arms against shams, hypocrisy, charlatanism, counterfeits and misrepresentations, we pave the way to that strength of character which links victory to endeavour. A man's character is, after all, very much what he makes it—he is the architect of his virtues and is responsible for his vices. If he uses that strength which is in him to develop his own good qualities the result will be a strong and noble character; but if he starves his virtues and feeds his imperfections, then he will reap a harvest of recreant faults.

We are influenced by the company we frequent, by the things with which we are environed. Mix freely with the good, the generous, the noble, the true things of life and their influence will surround us and guide us into the paths of honour, will keep our character free from tarnish.

On one occasion the late J. Pierpont Morgan was asked this question : "What is the best and safest collateral for a loan ?" and the reply was given in one word—"Character." "What is character ?" was the next question put to Mr. Morgan, and the reply was "Character is the sum total of what a man is." "Character," he continued, "implies certain physical, mental and moral qualities. Good health is a requisite—for ill-health might jeopardise one's common-sense. Clear eyes, good teeth, the ability to work, play, laugh and enjoy, moderation in the use of all good things, intelligence, honesty of purpose, sympathy, patience and persistence, ambition within bounds — those make up character."

Questioned as to whether he would loan a man money if he had merely the qualities mentioned and yet had no tangible property or funds, the great financier replied : "I cannot imagine a man with the qualities I have named, living in this beautiful, fertile and abundant world, who does not possess a certain amount of property. But granting the hypothesis that a man of character had no property, he would still be a better risk for a loan than a man who had property but no character." Finally Mr. Morgan was asked, "Do you then regard character as the greatest thing in the world ?" and his answer was "Yes."

"What we like" Ruskin says "determines what we are and is the sign of what we are,"

and to teach taste is inevitably to form character. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality, it is the *only* morality. The first, last and closest trial question to any living creature is "What do you like?" Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are. Go out into the street and ask the first man or woman you meet what their taste is, and if they answer candidly you know them body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do you like?' 'A pipe and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, good woman with the quick step and the tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You little boy with dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows and game of pitch farthing.' Good, we know them all now. What more need we ask?"

In that part of his will dealing with the Rhodes Scholarships, Mr. Cecil Rhodes said: "My desire is that the students who shall be elected to the scholarship shall not be merely bookworms. I desire that regard shall be had to . . . his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and

fellowship and his exhibition during schooldays of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after-life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim."

And so if we analyse character closely we shall learn that a man is great or small according to the use he makes of his power, his opportunities, his virtues. Nobleness is not a matter of rank, of clothes, of wealth, or of title. A roadmender can be great if he chooses to make himself great. A king can be small if he elects to perform petty acts. In the ranks of the true nobility are many unknown men of humble birth, men who live simple, unostentatious but beautiful lives. In the ranks of princes and peers are many men of high birth who have no true claims to high titles; men who live selfish, mean and ugly lives.

True greatness of character shows no recognition of class privileges. On the contrary its humanising influence raises all men to the level of truth, unselfishness and perfect goodness.

CHAPTER VII.

AMBITION.

"In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high."—THOREAU.

"Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very good or very bad actions ; all depends upon the principles which direct him."—NAPOLEON.

"Ambition and love are the wings to great deeds."—GOETHE.

THE inextinguishable desire to be something more than a mere cog in a wheel, more than a soldier in the ranks, to be a leader instead of a follower of men, to be free from that gregariousness which characterises phlegmatic men, is admittedly a commendable virtue. If we mean to accomplish things, to push right through the crowd, the easy-going, lackadaisical habits common to people who wait for opportunities to knock at their doors must be replaced by more strenuous methods. We must be ambitious, very ambitious, but mingled with our ambition there must be a measure of prudence, so that a tight rein can always be kept on desire.

You cannot build up a strong character out of a man who has no ambition, no appetite for the honours and rewards that success offers to workers.

Past experience, however, goes to prove that when ambition is combined with rashness men lose control of their reason, grow selfish, thoughtless, careless in their consideration for others. As they climb higher, insatiable greed and eagerness to gain fame and riches quickly distort their vision, caution is thrown to the winds, foolish risks are taken and then a mistake is made and all is lost. It is good advice not to make our ambition too high-pitched, "not to strive to rise too high that we may not fall too low."

Sufficient ambition to drive us on to noble-minded efforts, to carry us forward in some useful cause, to give zest to toil, is laudable, but if we become intoxicated with it it will master the will and make us its slaves.

Aided by a wise ambition the Alpine climber reaches great heights. By sheer love of the task, hard work, patient endeavour and enthusiasm he overcomes obstacles and wins success. Then comes the moment of big decisions. If he goes forward carefully and cautiously new triumphs are recorded, but if "vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself" and foolhardy risks are taken, he becomes the mere plaything of a mad desire and falls.

The strong-willed man is the master of his own destiny, but only so long as he uses his power well. One false step may send him headlong from a great and commanding position into eclipse.

Up to that time in his career when Napoleon kept his ambition within reasonable bounds he succeeded as no man before or since has succeeded. By sheer force of his iron will he lifted himself above the common crowd and by way of Lodi, Ulm, Wagram, Marengo, Austerlitz, he climbed to wonderful heights and won undying fame. Great possessions, dominions, honours and a great and loyal people were his, but when at the height of his power the opportunity came to crown his work with noble deeds in the cause of humanity and freedom, he forgot the value of prudence and a well-regulated mind, grew restless, impatient and, losing his reason, was forced into the by-paths of selfishness, avarice, greed for conquest, desire for more power. He was on the heights, but he forgot how perilously near he was to the depths. The result was St. Helena.

The German Emperor, believing that he could succeed where Napoleon failed, set out on a deliberate scheme of world-conquest. Elaborate preparations spread over many years aimed to make victory certain. In 1914 Germany held a high place among the nations of the world, her commercial position was tremendously strong, stronger than the other first-class Powers knew, and a few more years of peace, a few more years in which to build more ships and more guns, to train more men and pile up more munitions would have given her the commercial supremacy she sought.

But a mad monarch's mad ambition grew tired of waiting. He was determined to win the overlordship of the world in time to enjoy some of its fruits, and so, growing impatient, he took the risk and struck. Like a frenzied gambler he staked all—honour, possessions, fame—on a single throw of the dice, and lost.

Do you remember Wolsey's warning to Cromwell in Henry VIII. ?—

“Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,*
By that sin fell the angels.”

Wolsey's lament at his own fall is also worth heeding :—

“Farewell ! a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root
And then he falls, as I do.”

We must then keep our ambition within reasonable limits, free from conceit, from egotism, from insane eagerness to win worldly fame at any price. We must calculate the cost, move circumspectly and spare time to look at the root of our actions from time to time. We must work hard, fight hard, aim to win worthy honours and remember that peace of mind, freedom from care, good health and happiness are of far greater value than a crown of gold.

* Ambition here means a criminal and inordinate ambition.

We are told that Cineas, the philosopher, once asked Pyrrhus what he would do when he had conquered Italy. "I will conquer Sicily." "And then?" "Africa." "And after you have conquered the world?" "I will take my ease and be merry." "Then," asked Cineas, "why can you not take your ease and be merry now?"

Climb the heights, but not at a pace that is dangerous to the lives and good interests of our fellowmen—not at a pace that ignores the rules of the road and develops into a mad struggle for power. The man who walks frequently sees the top of the hill before the man who tries to rush it with a high-powered car, and he always sees and enjoys more of the beauties of the wayside. His is the slower but the surer way, and if he loses the excitement of speed he gains the fragrance of the flowers, the purity of the air, the smiles and the handshakes of the passers-by and the beneficial influence of better health.

Ambition often leads men into paths where they achieve a certain kind of success—that is to say they succeed in doing the things they set out to do, but if the task is unworthy, as is so often the case, the triumph is short-lived. It is far better to fail in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. Nero, Jezabel, Judas Iscariot, Ahab, Commodus, King John, Richard III. made names that will never be forgotten, but it is their infamy and not their fame that is remembered.

Captain Scott failed—failed to reach the South Pole ahead of his rival, failed in his heroic efforts to lead his companions back to safety ; but what a noble failure it was ! The story of the magnificent struggle he and his dauntless companions made against such terrible odds will never be forgotten ; his name, which is engaved in letters of gold on the tablets of splendid achievements, will always occupy a high position among British heroes and that inscription on the crude cross erected on Observation Hill to the memory of Scott and his four comrades—" To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield " will never fail to give support in our hours of need.

" How far high failure overleaps the bounds of low success " is the way Morris puts it. " An honourable defeat " said Lord Avebury " is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten unless he loses his heart."

" Irresistible power and great wealth," said Epictetus, " may up to a certain point give us security ; but the security of men in general depends upon the tranquility of their souls."

Enough has been said to show that excessive ambition is dangerous to our best interests, but equally dangerous is that lack of ambition which leads to idleness, wasted talents, rust and loss of confidence in our own ability.

Ambition will provide us with the incentive to work, it will help us to progress, to bridge

difficulties, to overcome hardships and to make impossible things possible.

"I am gaining ground," wrote Gambetta to his father, "and you know that if you give an ambitious person an inch he will soon take an ell. I think my ambition very praiseworthy, and for my part I intend to take four or five ells."

The objection to the rabid type of Socialism is not that we are less anxious for a Utopian existence than the men who sing "Keep the red flag flying," but because it so often seeks to crush individual enterprise, to kill ambition, to check individual effort.

Says Walt Mason :

"The big men dare and the big men do,
They dream great dreams, which they make come true,
They bridge the rivers and link the plains,
And gird the land with their railway trains ;
They make the desert break forth in bloom,
They send the cataract through the flume
To turn the wheels of a thousand mills
And bring the coin to a nation's tills ;
The big men work and the big men plan,
And, helping themselves, help their fellowman.
And the cheap men yelp at their carriage wheels
As the small dog barks at the big dog's heels."

The efforts to shut the doors against progress are meeting with very little encouragement to-day, and are making no headway, and so within reasonable and proper limits we are free to develop our talents, to reap the full reward of our labour, to mould our life in accordance with our own designs.

Freedom is ours and we can, if we will only proceed warily, travel without hindrance on the open road of progress. If we apply the right measure of ambition to our efforts we can win success in our several undertakings—success that will endure because built on solid foundations.

The risks are that love of ease or lack of confidence may hold us too far back; or that avarice and a belief that the ego is everything may drive us too far forward and influence us to play a dangerous game—dangerous not only to ourselves but to others.

We must steer a safe middle course, always pushing on, but always keeping a sharp look-out for the danger signals, and we must not forget that our individual rights are closely allied to our individual duties.

CHAPTER VIII.

OPTIMISM.

" Good hope gives strength, good hope also confirms resolution."

" If it rains—well ! If it shines—well !"—

PROVERBS.

SOCRATES was put to death by the Athenians because he taught young men to be sceptical, but other teachers quickly took up the work and the baneful influence of pessimism has worked its way through all the centuries and to-day, as we all know, there are many alarmists in the land—poor-spirited people for the most part, who are for ever in a doleful or lachrymose state, who thrive on gloom and find pleasure in an atmosphere of doubt. They are the apostles of disbelief, the destroyers of faith and the creators of dark and dismal backgrounds. In the bad old days before the war—all days are bad days from the distorted viewpoint of the pessimist—they found their chief amusement in cursing the English climate, but to-day it is the War Office and not the Weather Office that is honoured by their attention. Day by day these Job's comforters seek fresh food for drooping spirits in the German official war news, and the casualty lists, both of which they read assiduously, and, having found cause for lamentation, they put on sackcloth, and with heavy hearts and depressed mien, retire to

some cave of despair and bemoan the fate of this unhappy nation.

The big majority of British people, however, are, thank goodness, content to leave pessimism to the hypochondriacs, to the grim-visaged weak-hearts, who wear the lugubrious frown.

There is no scarcity of optimism in the land to-day, and taking our cue from the buoyant spirits, the cheerful confidence and the animation of the men in khaki and the men in blue, we have flooded our minds with invigorating sunshine, banished the crestfallen air and are preparing a song of victory that will in the not very distant future be sung with a fervour that will make its influence felt in the remotest corners of the earth. Just now we are far too busy to make British victories on land or sea occasions for flag-waving or general rejoicing, but one of these days our pent-up feelings will find relief in the mightiest chorus of thanksgiving the world has ever heard, and the glad hurrahs that will go up from millions of British throats will echo and re-echo throughout the British Empire, will proclaim that German militarism has been finally overthrown.

Optimism, cheerful, never-failing assurance in the outcome of everything he sets his hand to, is one of the Britisher's most powerful aids to success, and his inborn proneness to look on the bright side of things has helped him over many a difficult stile and carried him safely

through a lot of bad weather. Sunshine, laughter and song are the invigorating tonics that support his genial spirits and help him to keep the star of hope continually shining.

The kind of optimism I like is that which finds cause for rejoicing in the fact that when it is raining heavily you cannot get an attack of sunstroke.

So great was the optimism of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the painter, that he was able to see beauty even in a London fog—"that sublime canopy that shrouds the City of the World," and when a friend of his compared it to the smoke of the Israelites making bricks in Egypt, "It is grander," he replied, "for it is the smoke of a people who would have made the Egyptians make bricks for them!" Thrown into prison his optimism sustained him, and finding consolation in the fact that Bacon, Raleigh and Cervantes had each suffered a similar fate he took the opportunity of painting two of his most successful pictures. On one occasion he ran a bayonet into his foot and caused it to bleed profusely. He needed blood for his picture, however, and used his own for that purpose until the surgeon arrived to stanch the wound. On another occasion, when the wheel of the carriage in which he was riding came off and the horse fell down, he seized the opportunity to study the animal's struggles for his picture Alexander and Bucephalus.

Every difficult task is helped by a firm belief in our ability to do it, and even though a thousand doubting Thomases throw cold water on our schemes the "never say die" spirit will carry us through. If we go about our work with stubborn resolution, harden our efforts, cut loose from hesitation and put faith and hope on sentinel duty we never need doubt the result.

It was unflinching and indomitable belief in their ability to carry their enterprises to a successful termination that gave victory to Scott, Shackleton, Peary, Clive, Rhodes, Livingstone, Stanley, Abruzzi and the many other heroes of the same splendid type. The work they did could never have been done by pessimists.

They were men of conspicuous ability, but it was in their sanguine temperaments, their stubborn wills, their power to overcome obstacles, to win a maximum of success from a minimum of opportunity, that they stood head and shoulders above their fellowmen. They won because even when faced with difficulties that were greater than men had met before, they held on and refused to be turned from their purpose.

If we hold on to our tasks with the tenacity that Scott and Shackleton held to theirs, if we take real pleasure in the work for the work's sake and pride in the uphill nature of it, if we mix joy and gladness with our toil we

shall reap the satisfaction that achievement brings. If it is the pleasure of accomplishing some worthy work that spurs us on, if it is solving difficult problems that gives us delight, if it is the desire to conquer that drives us over the craggy roads, the rewards will follow automatically.

What we have to do, then, is to develop all the power that is in us to the limit of its capacity, maintain a spirit of never-failing cheerfulness, work with unremitting effort and go into the fray with that type of determination that forces from the world a recognition of our worth.

Many a man of limited genius has won great success because he possessed in a superlative degree the qualities of unlimited courage, self-confidence and optimism, because he employed every ounce of his vitality in the determination to carry out his programme as planned.

Aim high without thought of such a thing as failure. "Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose," says Miss Sedwick, "than to extend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all."

There is a wide difference, however, and it should be noted, between cautious firmness and blind obstinacy, courage and audacity, praiseworthy perseverance and foolhardiness. Courage and confidence are allies, but over-confidence

leads to blunders. There is marked dissimilarity between bulldog pluck and imbecile rashness. Captain Scott and his comrades lost their lives in an act of noble, unselfish bravery of the highest type, but the man who met his death in the attempt to go through the Niagara Rapids in a barrel sacrificed his life in a selfish, vainglorious enterprise which was as foolish as it was useless.

Remember the symbolic warning of the Greek sculptor, Eunos, who is said to have graven near an altar not Hope merely, but Nemesis, "the former that thou mayest have hope, the latter that thou mayest not hope too much." A similar warning was sounded in the old Greek temple that bore on its successive doors the legend "Be Brave; be brave;" but on the last door "Be not too brave."

It is necessary to show boldness in all our work, immovable adherence to some fixed purpose, full and complete self-reliance, a brave resolution to win even though the lion in the path does glare at us, cheery hopefulness, and above all to mix the important ingredient of wisdom with optimism.

CHAPTER IX.

THOROUGHNESS.

"The reason why men fail is in five cases out of six, not through want of influence or brains, but because they are slack and the reason why certain men with few advantages succeed is that they are diligent, concentrated, persevering and conscientious—because, in fact, they are thorough."—DR. JOHN WATSON.

Unquestionably thoroughness and diligence are important aids to progress. The task that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, worth all our pride and interest, worth dingdong effort until in its rounded completeness it gives us genuine pleasure and lasting satisfaction. The tasks we begin we must finish and the enthusiasm must be maintained to the end. Perfunctory work, work that is rushed or only half-completed, work that carries the defects of slipshod labour and sickly quality, has a demoralising effect on the man who produces it.

The man who finds such keen enjoyment in the business he undertakes that time and all outside considerations are forgotten, who is so dominated by the matter in hand that his mind becomes a watertight compartment from which all other interests are excluded, who has one firm purpose in view and that to produce work that is flawless, that carries the hall-mark of distinctive goodness, that reflects in its finished

appearance the character of the craftsman who created it, knows how exhilarating labour is and how it ennobles life.

The man who takes such intense interest in whatever he undertakes that it becomes a passion with him is oblivious of his surroundings ; his whole attention is closely rivetted on the matter in hand and he cannot easily be diverted from his purpose.

When a man puts his whole heart and soul into his labour, when he is animated by the progressive spirit of the age and is determined that his individual efforts shall be the maximum he is capable of and shall be closely linked to one or other of the advance movements which aim to better the conditions in which we live, then and not till then can he claim that he is doing his work with the completeness and thoroughness expected of him.

In whatever position we are placed we must try to do the work so efficiently that when we are called upon to give an account of our stewardship it will be with the knowledge that we have done well. It was the proud boast of Augustus that he found Rome a place of brick and left it a city of marble.

Thoreau says : " I would not be one of those who foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plaster ; such a deed would keep me awake at night. Drive a nail home and clinch it so that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction—a work at which you

would not be ashamed to invoke the muse. So will help you God and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work."

The fierce competition of modern day commercialism has created a regrettable demand for shoddy goods carrying a thin veneer of quality which merely serves to hide the poor material and bad workmanship just beneath the surface. Thoroughness is being sacrificed to cheapness, with the result that the old-time attributes of goodness, durability and honest workmanship are less in evidence to-day than they were in earlier times. Counterfeit productions, imitations that look honest enough to-day but stand revealed hideous frauds to-morrow, serve no useful purpose save to swell the total of waste effort.

From the foundations up all honest work must be patiently performed. A mere outer covering of beauty, a thin layer of polish deliberately placed on a piece of merchandise to hide its many blemishes and deformities, is just as much a lie as the false word that is covered by a smile. It is thorough only in its carefully veiled dishonesty.

If we take keen interest in our work, if we cultivate a habit of painstaking thoroughness, we must excel in that special field of labour that is best suited to our abilities. Close application, patient endeavour and a recognition of

the fact that only good work endures will help us to worthy achievements.

Lady Salisbury, in a conversation with the Duke of Wellington, quoted by Sir Herbert Maxwell, remarked : " There must be a lasting satisfaction in that feeling of superiority you always enjoy," to which the Duke replied : " True, still I come constantly into contact with other persons on equal or inferior terms. Perhaps there is no man now existing who would like to meet me on a field of battle ; in that line I am superior ; but when the war is over and the troops disbanded, what is your great general more than anybody else ? . . . I am necessarily inferior to every man in his own line ; I cannot saw and plane like a carpenter, or make shoes like a shoemaker, or understand cultivation like a farmer. Each of these, on his own ground, meets me on terms of superiority. I feel I am but a man."

The man of limited abilities can, by close application to his work, by refusing to be daunted by difficulties, by recognising his own defects and weaknesses and drawing useful lessons from them, by plodding, painstaking and never-tiring endeavour, often win a bigger measure of success than the man who has superior surface talents, but lacks the essential quality of sticking to his last. Men of the rolling stone type usually lack method, staying-power and driving force, and though they start well and travel fast for a time they seldom

bring their ships into port. Their patience is quickly exhausted, they lose interest in their self-chosen tasks, their enthusiasm and energy are displaced by flaccidity and scepticism and the early effort which promised so much fails because it hasn't sufficient reserve strength to reach the winning post.

The life stories of the men who adopt half measures are crowded with glorious beginnings which promise much, and hopes that are dashed to pieces on the middle-stage rocks of difficulty. With rare exceptions their careers end in disappointment.

Now, as always, it is the man who marches steadily on, maintaining an even but never-slackening pace, doing a certain amount of good work every day instead of at spasmodic intervals, reserving sufficient strength for the final stages, scorning the hardships, who finds in that quality of thoroughness a sure key to success.

CHAPTER X.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

"He who esteems trifles for the conclusions he draws from them or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher."

—BULWER.

*"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life."*—YOUNG.

CLOSE attention to minute details, no matter how insignificant they appear to be, is one of the things that matter very much more than is commonly supposed—one of the things that has a whole lot to do with success. In transcribing an estimate for a bid on the New York Seventh Avenue Subway, a clerk in the employ of a big engineering company made the mistake of inserting \$12 instead of 12 cents. a pound for special wire forms. That mistake cost the firm a three million dollar contract.

A man seeking a position in the service of the French diplomatist Talleyrand, detailed his qualifications, submitted his references and was rejected. The unsuccessful applicant wearing a look of disappointment, gathered up his papers and walked towards the door. Half-way he noticed a pin on the floor, and stopped to pick it up and place it carefully on the chimney-piece. As the rejected candidate was about to close the door, Talleyrand called him back and

said, "You are a man of order. I will keep you." That simple proof of the man's method was worth more to him than all his references.

The late Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener obtained his first opportunity in life because he knew how to use a camera. The British Government wanted someone to go to Palestine to take photographs, and it was his knowledge of that art that secured his first appointment on the Palestine survey. Then he learned how to manage native soldiers, and acquired a great deal of that command over men for which subsequently he was so justly famed.

In an old Hindoo story Ammi says to his son, "Bring me a fruit of that tree and break it open. What is there?" The son replies, "Some small seeds." "Break one and then what do you see?" "Nothing, my lord." "My child," said the wise man, "where you see nothing there dwells a mighty tree."

Nurse the ideas, develop them, watch them carefully as they grow and be ever on the lookout for important trifles. The acorn of to-day will, in years to come, be a great oak. To-day you can bury it in the palm of your hand, crush it if you will, but one day it will be a giant of the forest, towering far above the height of men, the tree that is the symbol of Britain's strength.

It was, you will remember, the steam from the ordinary kitchen kettle that gave the first

idea for the locomotive and led to a revolution in traffic methods.

The dreams of to-day will be powerful realities to-morrow. Rumage in the world of thought for some practical ideas just as the booklover rumages in a second-hand book store for rare volumes, devoting hours to the elimination of useless material in the hope of finding one real prize.

"There is but one step," Napoleon said, "from a triumph to a fall. I have seen that in the greatest affairs a little thing has always decided important events."

"Trifles," some writer said, "make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

From the refuse of factories very valuable substances have been discovered, and we shall find it an advantage to follow Glauber's example of examining what everybody else throws away.

Ideas cast on one side by men lacking the quality of perseverance because it is thought they have no immediate value, are saved by the methodical workers, cared for with infinite patience, and by-and-bye the world is startled with news of some great discovery.

For years before Edison perfected the Electric Carbon filament lamp it was known that if a carbon rod was placed in an exhausted glass receiver and a current of electricity passed through it, the carbon glowed with an intense light, but it became so hot that the glass burst.

And so the idea was discarded until many years later Edison, with characteristic patience, took hold of the idea, nursed it, worked on it day and night until he made the discovery that if the carbon filament was made fine enough you could get rid of the heat and still have an abundance of light.

In his article "Antwerp" in the *Sunday Pictorial* Mr. Winston Churchill said: "Trifles, minutes, petty accidents might now decide what a little earlier could have been secured surely and safely by foresight, what a little later 200,000 men could not retrieve."

Save the pennies and they grow into pounds; save the little ideas and if properly nourished they will grow into big discoveries. There must always be a seed time before there is a harvest, and we cannot reap until we have sown.

A straw will always tell us which way the wind is blowing, and the same straw will turn a scale. Many a man has laid the foundation of a huge business by the wise use of small savings. One of the biggest retail businesses in New York was started with a capital of less than twenty dollars. Tread on a spark and it will be extinguished at once, but fan it and it will become first a flame and then a conflagration. Add more fuel to it and you can, if you will, make a mighty bonfire that will light up the heavens in every direction and attract the attention of myriads of men.

CHAPTER XI.

NOT TOO OLD AT FORTY.

"Age is a matter of feeling, not of years."—G. W. CURTIS.

THIS war has revolutionised modern thought with the result that many of the views once accepted as correct have in the last year or two been completely altered. We have been learning a whole lot of very useful things, and one of them is that a man is not "too old at forty" or even at forty-one, and if the war continues for a few more months, as no doubt it will, we shall discover that the men of forty-five are young enough for useful service.

Swedish drill, route marching, a life under canvas and the gentle persuasion of the drill sergeant, combined with the patriotic desire to do his bit, make the age a man looks considerably less than is proved by his birth certificate.

Because the War Office demands have denuded every business house in the country of young citizens, tens of thousands of the "well-on-the-other-side-of-forty" men have been called back from their retirement, put into harness again and are doing surprisingly well; so well, in fact, that they are wondering what it was that induced them to give up a life of healthy activity for one of dull monotony and sluggish idleness. The "too old at forty"

men have made good and are helping Great Britain to "carry on" The knowledge that they are wanted is giving them new vitality and a fresh store of enthusiasm and energy.

Another war lesson is that the "too old" or "too late" feeling which in the past caused many a man who was disappointed by his slow progress or depressed by his early failures to retire from the race and to register a decision to try no more, was entirely wrong. The lost opportunities, the mistakes, the wasted efforts of yesterday may have filled us with regret and remorse, but they should not deter us from pushing forward again to-day, should not influence us to think of defeat or to conclude that we are down and out. The victory that comes late and follows hard fighting against many adverse conditions is the sweetest of all triumphs.

Therefore instead of wasting vain regrets on the disappointments of yesterday the clear duty is to focus our attention on the work of to-day, to maintain a bright and tenacious spirit, and resolve by a supreme effort to recover the lost ground, and above all to reject all suggestions to retire from the contest for any reasons connected with age. The Britisher is never too old to fight the obstacles on the hill of difficulty.

No man is a failure until he is dead or until he quits the great game which is very much the same thing. The yesterdays belong to the

past, but to-day is here and to-day with all its big possibilities, its hopes, its encouraging promise is ours, and if the watchword is "I will" there will be progress to record before the sun sets again.

Many of the world's most honoured citizens made good very late in life and, in some cases, after repeated failures.

The case of Lieutenant-Colonel John Ford Elkington is recent enough to be readily recalled. Colonel Elkington entered the Army in 1886, was in command of a detachment of the 2nd battalion of his regiment—the Royal Warwickshires—and in March, 1914, was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. Shortly after the outbreak of war, however, he was cashiered by sentence of a general court-martial, and consequently lost all he had gained in the matter of promotion during nearly 30 years' military service. A less determined man would have lost all hope too, and concluded that it was too late to try again, but in the dark hour of disaster this gallant soldier called up his reserves of strength and courage and determined to recover both his rank and his good name. Enlisting in the French Foreign Legion as a private soldier, he fought with conspicuous valour until September, 1915, when in a charge he was badly wounded in the leg below the knee. He was awarded the French Military Medal and the Croix de Guerre and in September last it was announced that "the King

had been graciously pleased to approve of the reinstatement of John Ford Elkington in the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, with his previous seniority, in consequence of gallant conduct while serving in the ranks of the Foreign Legion of the French Army. He is accordingly re-appointed Lieut.-Colonel in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment." Later the King received Lieut.-Colonel Elkington at Buckingham Palace and in October it was announced in the *London Gazette* that the King has been graciously pleased to appoint Lieut.-Colonel Elkington to be a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

At the age of forty-six Louis Pasteur had a stroke which left one side completely paralysed. It was during the following twenty-seven years under this severe bodily handicap, that he worked out the theories of bacterial infection and inoculation which have revolutionised medical and surgical science. The fact that Pasteur was able to win such splendid triumphs after passing his forty-sixth year should make younger men ashamed of the thought of "throwing up the sponge" because of their ill-luck.

Goethe finished "Faust," his masterwork, on the eve of his eighty-third birthday.

Sophocles produced some of his best work at the age of eighty and the best efforts of Euripides followed his seventieth birthday.

All of Aristotle's works that have been handed down to us were composed after his fiftieth year.

Julius Cæsar, greatest of all military conquerors, did not win his reputation till he was past forty.

Oliver Cromwell was an amateur in the art of warfare when at the age of forty-three he took up arms against the King.

Admiral Blake, the great naval commander, was past fifty before he ever went on a warship.

Queen Victoria began the study of Hindustani at the age of eighty.

At the age of forty-seven John Milton decided to write an epic poem. Ten years later he finished "Paradise Lost."

Adam Smith was forty-three years of age when he commenced his study of economic questions, and fifty-three when he produced the "Wealth of Nations."

James Watt had lived half a century before he was able to demonstrate the commercial value of his improved steam engine. Stephenson was nearing his fiftieth year when the "Rocket" won him enduring fame.

Darwin, who suffered acutely nearly every day of his life, was approaching fifty when his *Origin of Species* was published.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, referred to in an earlier chapter, was born in bondage and for over fifty years was a serf on a West Indian plantation. Later he became Dictator of San Domingo.

This by no means exhausts the list of great men and women who late in life have achieved success far beyond ordinary expectations, but it provides evidence enough to demonstrate that age itself is not an obstacle to success.

The examples quoted should embolden all who have failed in their first endeavours to try once more. The yesterdays are all dead and the to-morrows are not yet born. The immediate present is the time for action and, whether we are seventeen or seventy the same rule applies—make the most of to-day.

The effort to win success, the maintenance of a spirit of optimism, the determination to try again and yet again and to keep on trying, confidently believing in our own ability, will do much to preserve the spirit of youth. The busy man grows old slowly. Premature senility finds its easiest victims in the men who surrender early in life.

Lord Strathcona, William Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, William Booth, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and very many others, found the secret of perpetual youth in the faithful observance of the "keep busy" rule.

The lesson for those who have halted by the wayside is to begin again to-day. There are lots of things we have not tried at all yet, and until we do make a serious effort there is no evidence to show that we cannot do them. Faraday reached middle age before he turned

his attention to electricity, and Morse was thirty-six before he became interested in similar work. If we have not yet succeeded, maybe it is because we have not turned our attention in the right direction, because we have been sweeping against the wind.

It is easy enough to find excuses for our past failures, but to waste time on self-pity or wearisome explanations is the surest way to the low levels. Let us try another shot and aim higher. The next effort will be better than the last, and sooner or later determination will meet its reward.

There is comfort, too, in the knowledge that the hard-won success brings lasting satisfaction.

The world reserves its biggest prizes, its best awards, for the men who win the hardest battles.

CHAPTER XII.

HEALTH.

"The body is a machine, subject to well-known physical and chemical laws; and your mind depends for its operation—for its very being—on the operations of this body. It is for you to decide whether you will make your body a well-regulated, carefully tended machine, whether you will be the director of your habits or their feeble slave."

DR. H. SMITH WILLIAMS.

"It is not worth while to live by rich cookery. Most of us would feel shame if caught preparing with our own hands precisely such a dinner whether of animal or vegetable food. Yet till this is otherwise, we are not civilised, and, if gentlemen and ladies, are not true men and women."—THOREAU.

A WIDE-AWAKE, progressive nation, determined to develop its resources, to widen its influence, to lead competitive nations, to make its people industrious and happy, to be foremost in the field of endeavour, and an example to the rest of the world, must necessarily be a healthy nation.

Good health is very much a matter of good living—not in that changed sense given to the words by modern-day epicures, sensualists, and pleasure-seekers, by the men whose chief joy in life is eating and drinking, but in the original meaning, viz., *right* living.

Obedience to the laws of nature, the exercise of moderation not merely in drinking, but in eating, sleeping and playing, the cultivation of

a cheerful spirit, plenty of outdoor exercise and a daily programme of work that leaves no time for idleness—there you have the secret, if secret there is, of good health.

Nature is always ready to work for us, to give us the support and assistance we need. She has provided simple, easy-to-follow rules for those in quest of good health, and if we heed her warnings and listen to her teachings all will be well. The penalties for neglecting the rules, however, are heavy and sooner or later must be paid.

Clean living means good health and good health means clean thinking, an active brain, a fuller appreciation of the joys of life, a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow men, a more optimistic outlook, a higher standard of justice when viewing the conduct of others, a wiser ambition.

If we would only give the same daily care, the same constant attention to our bodies as we so willingly give to the maintenance in good order of the many delicate pieces of machinery entrusted to our care, it would make a very important and useful difference to our bodily health, our happiness and the length of life.

Have you ever watched the men at work in the engine-room of a big power house, factory or ocean steamer and observed the jealous care with which each complicated piece of mechanism is guarded, the scrupulous cleanliness that

rules everywhere, the praiseworthy pride the engineers take in the beautifully-constructed machinery? Have you noted how closely they follow every movement, how quick they are to detect the slightest irregularity and how prompt to apply the necessary remedies? They take a keen and enthusiastic interest in their work and know the vital importance of keeping the machines thoroughly clean and in perfect running order. Further, they recognise that a properly cared for machine will last twice as long as one that is neglected.

It should not be a very difficult task to convince a man that his physical well-being is of far greater importance than the preservation in good condition of a machine and yet we know only too well that the average man pays less attention to his health than he does to the troubles of his motor car or even his lawn mower.

"Everyman," says Thoreau, "is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them."

Ninety-nine out of every hundred men either eat, drink, sleep or smoke too much—many are guilty of all four offences. By wrong living

they bring on functional disorders of the most serious character. Sooner or later—usually sooner—they encounter ill-health in one or other of its multifarious forms, but they stubbornly refuse to recognise self-evident truths and, because they derive some purely imaginary pleasure from abuses and indiscretions that have grown into every-day habits, the warnings of common-sense are unheeded and the mischievous and ruinous work goes on. Relief is sought by pouring drugs into an already over-worked system, and instead of giving the body the strength, the support and the freedom from ill-usage that it demands, it is further weakened by medication.

Over-eating and over-drinking are indulgences which if persisted in day after day for any length of time, must produce grave consequences. Over-indulgence in rich foods causes poisoning, and the obvious remedy is to cut out the root of the trouble. The attempt to effect a cure for the evil following intemperance, whether in eating or drinking, by taking drugs before or after meals is so childishly foolish that it is difficult to understand how any person of average intelligence can be deluded into a belief that beneficial results can follow such a treatment.

Some years ago the outcome of a vigorous campaign by temperance advocates in America was that the authorities issued a compulsory order for the removal of chairs and all

seating accommodation from drinking saloons. The brain wave which dictated this innovation was, I understand, influenced by the view that so long as a man could stand or hold himself up it was safe to let him drink just as much liquor as he cared to consume. That more useful benefits could have been obtained by direct restrictions on the sale of liquor, earlier closing, or a reduction in the number of licensed houses, did not occur to the officials responsible for this order.

It is very much the same way with the man who over-eats. He wilfully closes his eyes to the cause of his suffering, continues the habit of over-taxing his digestive organs, shuts his ears to the pleading voice of common-sense and deliberately dupes himself with the self-taught view that by taking the nauseous mixtures prescribed by the doctor, he is making a martyr of himself and is, therefore, justified in continuing his mode of high living.

The one real cure for the many ill-effects caused by the repulsive and loathsome habits of gormandizing and wine-bibbing is to eat and drink less—sufficient for all one's requirements, but less than is demanded by greed and gluttony.

Slaves to excessive indulgence are not at all anxious to be guided by sober reasoning, do not want to be deprived of the pleasure of Bacchanalian revels or the joys of the fleshpots, and so they willingly try all the stupid quack remedies one by one so long as new ones can be

added to the list and leave the obvious, the simple and the sane method until the voice of reason will no longer be denied a hearing.

"Remove the cause," says Dr. Mitchell, "and your disease disappears. What we call diseases are the results of conditions, malformations, wrong adjustments, unkind combinations, that make it impossible for the body to fulfil its varied functions."

In olden times the whole burden of responsibility for disease was placed on the shoulders of the devils, and healers were called upon to cast them out. To keep our bodies free from disease the first duty is to cast out the devils of gluttony, excess, intemperance, uncleanness.

Mr. Taylor in his work on golf tells us that "to maintain anything approaching his best form a golfer must of necessity live a clean, wholesome and sober life. A man must live plainly but well, and he must be careful of himself. If he uses up the reserve force or abuses himself in any way, then he has cast his opportunities aside and he drops immediately out of the game. There are no half measures. You must do one of two things ; be careful of yourself in everything, or forsake the game altogether. A man who lives a careless or vicious life can never succeed in golf or hope to keep his nerve and his stamina."

If so much care is necessary to become a successful golfer, how much more important

is it then to follow sane rules of living in the great game of life.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the hundreds of thousands of men who gave up sedentary occupations to join the army are better in health to-day than ever before. Compelled to eat plain, wholesome food of the kind they are not ashamed to cook, to take more exercise and more fresh air, to adopt Spartan rules of living, they are better men both physically and morally.

Because it destroys so much human life we hate war, and the men who force wars on the world. Then why not hate gluttony and intemperance, enemies far more destructive than the most deadly engines of war ?

One of the first health lessons to be learned is to take less interest in the pleasures of the table and a greater interest in the development of the body, in the work of perfecting our health. If we want to succeed either as individuals or as a nation, we must be abstemious in our diet, avoid unwholesome food-stuffs, discontinue the harmful practise of tormenting the body with indigestibles, live more temperately.

Timotheus of Athens, having had a frugal supper with Plato and meeting him next day, said : " Your suppers are not only agreeable whilst I take them, but the next day also."

Isn't that the way it should be ? If you derive no benefit from the food you eat, if you

are a martyr to indigestion, dyspepsia or ill-humour, the cause will probably be found in the quantity or quality of the food you consume. If after dining sumptuously—how badly we choose our words!—you feel heavy, drowsy and more inclined for sleep than for work, the reason is that you are suffering from the stupifying effects of food poisoning.

Misery, failure, unhappiness are more easily traceable to alcoholic over-indulgence than to gluttony, and for that reason most of the temperance campaigns are directed against the evils of drink. It is, however, a wrong and altogether too narrow a view of temperance to limit its meaning to abstention from the use of strong beverages. Many a man who works hard and exhausts his energies in the effort to kill the drink habit is offending by excessive intemperance in some other equally dangerous direction. Temperance means moderation—moderation in all things and not total abstention from drink any more than from food or sleep. Excessive eating is as harmful as excessive drinking, and the one has just as much power as the other to coarsen a man's morals to dethrone his reason, to ruin his health, to undermine his energy and to produce flabbiness.

Not so very long ago I heard "Rule Britannia" in circumstances that caused me to think hard. The men who brawled—a better word in this instance than "sung"—the words of that patriotic song had eaten and

drank to the limit of their capacity. How lustily and with what emphasis they poured out the words "*Britons, never, never shall be slaves!*" I don't think my belief in the existence of a Monarch of Hell was ever so strong as at that moment. I seemed to hear the evil one's hollow laugh of mockery as he listened to those *slaves of intemperance*—slaves wearing manacles more powerful and degrading than were ever worn by the men who were bought and sold in the slave markets of old—boasting with the full strength of their lungs that they *never, never would be slaves!* And not one of them had sufficient control over his reason to realise that he was the victim of a practical joke concocted in Hell.

My own view is that from the health standpoint strong drink is not more harmful than strong food; but from the point of view of business progress I believe the man who refuses even a nodding acquaintance with alcoholic beverages has better chances than the moderate drinker. Even employers who are intemperate themselves give a preference to non-drinkers when selecting their workmen. There is a rapidly growing tendency to shut out even moderate drinkers from positions of responsibility or trust. In the list of applicants for any position worth holding there are always some who are total abstainers, and all other things being equal they receive first consideration. In a recent speech Mr. John D. Rock-

feller, junr., said: "Great corporations do not employ men who drink." Judged from the standpoint of value it must be admitted that the man who keeps his system free from alcohol will bring a clearer mind, a brighter intellect and a sounder judgment to the problems he has to handle.

Excessive sleep is another bad habit which robs a man of good health and the power to work with the energy necessary to command success. Like most bad habits, laziness, if allowed to take root, is not easily removed.

In "Napoleon: the Last Phase" Lord Rosebery tells us that "Napoleon recurred with constant pride to that strategy of Eckmühl 'that superb manœuvre, the finest that I ever executed,' where with fifty thousand men he defeated a hundred and twenty thousand. Had he slept the previous night he could never have won that victory; as it was he had to kick Lannes awake. A commander-in-chief should never sleep; it is then that he should work. Joseph, he declared, lost the battle of Vittoria by somnolence."

The exercise of a wise moderation in every habit of life, particularly in those habits of eating, drinking and sleeping—will give us better health than all the doctors' skill or the chemists' drugs, and with sound health we can conquer all difficulties and score many notable triumphs.

What we need is more pure air and less rich food and strong drink, more exercise, more laughter, more song, a more intimate association with animals, birds, flowers and children. Whenever the opportunity presents itself—and if that is not reasonably often opportunities should be made—it is a duty to get right away from work for a while, away from the noise, the hustle, the dirt, the turmoil and the artificialities of the city, to the fields, the woods or the mountains, where everything is real, where there are no shams or make-believes, where the invigorating air is free to all, where the healing influence of the sun confers lasting benefits on all who come within reach of its influence and where Nature, the greater healer, provides solace for the distraught mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLAY THE GAME.

*"To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth ;
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth."*

HENRY J. NEWBOLT.

WE have reached the middle and, therefore, the critical stage of the great war-drama, a drama which has half the world for its stage and in which millions of men and women are, by their magnificent example, encouraging others to take a bigger share in the work that has yet to be done.

A few days ago I stood at Charing Cross station and watched hundreds of battle-stained heroes, indomitable soldiers of Britain, whose bodies ached with the pain of their wounds, but who were still able to smile in acknowledgment of the crowd's welcome, emerge from the station yard—one of the many exit doors leading from the great stage on which this war-drama is being enacted—to take an enforced period of rest from their herculean labours.

As the Red Cross cars in which the men were accommodated moved forward a flower seller of the pavement pushed her way through the crowd and showed her recognition of the matchless bravery of the soldiers by emptying her entire stock of fragrant blooms into their outstretched hands. It was a beautiful act, pregnant with meaning, noble, chivalrous, big-hearted—the more so because unpremeditated and unrehearsed. As the fashionably gowned women watched they were thrilled with pride, tears came to their eyes and I have no doubt that many of them would at that moment have been glad to exchange their expensive attire for a share of the joy and contentment that flooded the flower-seller's heart, for the empty basket and the empty pocket, for the smiles given by the wounded soldiers as proof of their deep and loving gratitude.

To the crowd of lookers-on came the knowledge that one of their number—from the point of view of wordly possessions probably the poorest of them all—had contributed her mite, had made a worthy addition to the list of great deeds, had set a splendid example to all and had proved that she knew how the great game should be played.

Over 400,000 British women, many of whom made their first acquaintance with manual labour quite recently, are now engaged upon the output of munitions, work which, as the

recorded accidents prove, is by no means free from danger.

Hundreds of thousands of other women have emerged from their leisure or given up light occupations to work on farms, in factories, shops, stores, Government departments, to drive waggons, motor cars, delivery vans, to deliver letters, work on trams and trains, and in scores of other ways are rendering magnificent help to the nation, service that is releasing hundreds of thousands of men for the fighting line.

Others again, generous-hearted, sympathetic, devoted women, are succouring the wounded, working day and night to alleviate the sufferings of the nation's valorous fighting men, drawing heavily on their reserve of strength, scorning fatigue, that the mental and bodily pain their patients have to endure may be kept down to an irreducible minimum.

One and all are animated by love of the game, by a desire to play the parts allotted to them faithfully and well, and with unparalleled ardour they are putting their maximum effort into work that will make victory more sure and hasten the predetermined end.

Once again let us ask ourselves if we are doing as much as we should, as much as we can to support the country's pressing needs, to outmanœuvre Germany's Machiavelian designs, to bring this world-war to a speedy and triumphant conclusion. Are we shouldering a

full share of the heat and burden of the day, paying our share of the debt to the men who have not wavered from devotion to duty ?

The time has arrived when we must make a supreme effort, when we must do something very much more than is dictated by a mere sense of moral obligation, than is suggested by the fitness of things, more than we feel driven to do by a recognition of individual duty.

When day after day we read amazing stories of heroic deeds performed by British soldiers in France and other theatres of war we know that these men are doing something very much more than they feel impelled to do by conscience, we know that selfish individual considerations have no influence over their actions, that they are urged forward by a great and passionate love for the country that gave them birth, and that all thought of reward or recompense for the sacrifice they are making is forgotten in the consuming desire to uphold and strengthen Great Britain's position among the nations of the world. They are doing their duty nobly, giving their country a full and overflowing measure of splendid service, playing the game with the unalterable determination to pay whatever price may be demanded in order to win. Do you remember that stirring poem by Henry J. Newbolt :

“ There’s a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play the last man in.
And it’s not for the sake of a ribboned coat
Or the selfish hope of a season’s fame,
But his Captain’s hand on his shoulder smote—
‘ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ’

“ The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of the square that broke ;
The Gatling’s jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with the dust and smoke.
The river of death had brimmed his banks
And England’s far and Honour a name
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the rank—
‘ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ’

“ This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Everyone of her sons must hear
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the post behind—
‘ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ’ ”

It counts to the good to improvise pæans of praise, to encourage the soldiers with words of good cheer, to exult when victory crowns Britain’s efforts, to show gratitude by contributing to this fund or supporting that appeal, to send parcels of comforts to the men in the fighting line, to pray that God will defend the right, but we must share the work, the risks and the hardships too. The minimum that is demanded of us is that one and all shall

labour unceasingly and ungrudgingly in the great cause for which Britain is fighting, that we shall remain steadfast and faithful to the end, that we shall be ready to make new and greater sacrifices without complaining, that we shall consider it a glorious privilege to show endurance and courage, to be liberal in our gifts of service. We must be determined and ever more determined to meet and overcome every new difficulty that arises, to keep Britain's honour unstained, to bring a new and firmer will to aid the solution of the varied and complex war problems and to play the game with all the strength we can muster until victory is ours.

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